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ABSTRACT

During the 1974 spring semester, the Sanostee-Toadlena Title VII Bilingual Education Project focused on "how and what to teach Navajo children". The on-site program included courses in human and growth development, classroom learning, production of materials, social studies, science methods, mathematics methods, developmental reading, and creative English. Trainees participated in class work with university professors and classroom and micro-teaching experiences in the two schools. Although the five professors presented various ideas of how to work with children, they basically focused on how children can best learn in school. The professors helped the trainees to: produce their own thinking and creative ideas in Navajo and English; see the value of a diagnostic approach to language acquisition and the need for greater word attack skills; examine and evaluate their own value system and to try to figure out what and how they wanted Navajo children to learn; and integrate the curriculum using social studies, science, and math. This report contains descriptions of the experience of those who taught at Sanostee and Toadlena during the semester. Virtually unedited, the various accounts give details thought to be significant by the professor. Also included are samples of the students' creative writing and their evaluations of the creative English class. (NQ)

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TRAINING TEACHERS ON-SITE: THE SPRING SEMESTER 1974 AT SANOSTEE AND TOADLENA

2

Navajo Reading Study Progress Report No. 25
The University of New Mexico, September 1974

RC009345

CONTENTS

Introduction - Bernard Spolsky..... 1

Report - Lenore Wolfe..... 4

Educational Foundations 300 & 310 - Lewis Dahmen..... 13

Graphics - Caryl McHarney..... 16

Junior Bloc: Social Studies - Harold Drummond..... 18

El Elementary Education 353 & 361 - Paul Tweeten.. 23

Developmental Reading - Miles Zintz..... 34

English 102 - Patricia Smith..... 50

Student writing - The Trainees.....

CONTRIBUTORS

Harold Drummond and Miles Zintz are professors of Elementary Education; Lenore Wolfe is an instructor in Elementary Education; Lewis Dahmen is Associate Professor of Educational Foundations; Caryl McHarney is Graphics Consultant to the Navajo Reading Study; Paul Tweeten is Associate Professor of Elementary and Secondary Education; Patricia Smith is Assistant Professor of English. The trainees in Spring 1974 were Rodger Begaye, Nora Belone, Berniece Blackhorse, Evangeline Charles, Eleanora A. Curley, Ray Custer Nahkai, Wilfred Sisco, Emma Jean Yazzie, Etta Michele Yazzie and Paul Jones Yazzie.

Introduction

Bernard Spolsky

The reports that follow are descriptions of the experience of those who taught at Sanostee and Toadlena in the Second Semester, 1974. It is a picture of the formal part of the Navajo Reading Study Teacher Training Program, and is presented to give readers some notion of the nature and effect of an "on-site" or "field-based" teacher training Program. The various accounts are virtually unedited: the professors concerned were asked to use whatever format and give whatever details they thought significant.

Some background might be helpful. For its first two years, the Sanostee-Toadlena Title VII Bilingual Education Project, although it was being conducted in the field, had concentrated on general subjects, and had made little contact with children in the classroom. The past year, when the University of New Mexico took responsibility for the academic coordination of the program, proved to be a transition year. There was, as the reports make clear, less direct work by the students with children than we would have liked. Much effort however, went into breaking down the isolation of the project from the schools. And a start was made in relating the university's teaching to the future classroom work of the trainees.

We were fortunate in the staff available, and it is largely a wish to share this good fortune that has led to the publication

of this full report, in the hope that other projects and other teacher trainers may learn from our staff's successes and failures. Overall direction of the program, on-site control of students, liaison with BIA, the schools, and especially the community were all handled by Wallace Davis. Two Navajo coordinators were in the field full time: William Morgan, Sr. with special responsibility for Navajo subjects, and Lorraine Boomer who worked closely with visiting staff in teacher training. Coordinator of teacher training and on site several days each week, was Lenore Wolfe, whose vision most of the program is. Her report summarizes the activities of the semester.

All supporting staff were regular full-time faculty from the main campus of the University of New Mexico, who travelled to Sanostee or Toadlena (for a vivid account of the physical and spiritual journey involved, see the report by Professor Smith). Two professors, two associate professors and one assistant professor are considerably more regular faculty than most university students are exposed to in a semester: the "professorial power" available to the program was thus of unusual strength. And as the accounts that follow will make clear, all were forced to adapt their initial approaches, and so to learn as well as teach.

The central question that on-site programs raises in many minds is the question of quality: others are more interested in contemporary relevance. In theory, there is much to argue

for the position that the best way to achieve the needed blend is to take professors with their established standards into the field where they will be able to apply them in relevant ways. The experience with this project supports this theory. Obviously there is variation from professor to professor, but in all there are signs of the process. It is perhaps easiest seen in the description of the English course. Before the semester, there was some argument about whether to offer it: there were other ways to meet the requirement; it was a purely academic course; how would it fit in a bilingual program? Reading Dr. Smith's account, one can see how this class became the epitome of good on-site education, as both teacher and students were basically changed by their common experience. This was quality education in any sense of the word. And the account makes clear (as one written by a less perceptive person without Smith's power of imaginative expression could not do) that the place was as basic a part of the interaction as the people. The proof of the success of the experiment will be in the quality the students show when they become teachers, and for this we will need to wait a while. In the meantime, we have no reason yet to doubt the value of the attempt to bring the best education that the University of New Mexico can provide to the Navajo Nation in their own homeland.

SANOSTEE-TOADLENA TEACHER TRAINING, Semester II - 1973-4

The second semester of Title VII at Sanostee-Toadlena consisted of the Junior Professional Block module plus a creative English class. The concentration was focused on "How and What do we Teach Navajo Children." In attempting to meet these goals the trainees participated in class work with university professors as well as classroom and micro-teaching experiences.

I wanted to present a synthesis of not only my evaluation of the university credit work but also the students' evaluation of the university participation.

The five professors worked in a variety of disciplines and presented a variety of ideas of how to work with children but basically all focused on how children can best learn in school.

Dr. Patricia Smith, who taught English 102, Creative Writing, worked with the trainees in producing their own thinking and creative ideas in Navajo and English. One student shyly said he had written poetry in his teens and found that he could "again write beautiful poetry even better than before." In addition, Pat Smith was able to help the trainees see how this creative process could be used in a classroom with children and used to help the child feel better with languages as a whole.

Dr. Miles Zintz approached language from a more analytical view point, helping the trainees to see the value of a diagnostic approach to language acquisition and the need for greater word attack skills. The trainees were shocked at the low level of comprehension of English of most of the school children, but were quick to note that if more teaching was done in Navajo the

the children would learn more. They also expressed the need for more work on how to teach English as a second language and questioned how could they help in increasing language comprehension.

Dr. Harold Drummond pointed out how a good social studies program could be a focal point for organizing an integrated curriculum involving inquiry into all areas of learning including skills acquisition. His graphic presentations of social studies teaching offered a good model for the trainees to follow and the trainees were able to use many of his approaches in their own micro-teaching and classroom experiences.

Dr. Paul Tweeten continued his work with science and added math to his teaching. The trainees were quick to comprehend how the presentation of scientific theory and investigation could fit into an integrated curriculum and help the Navajo child to better understand the world around him. The theory and practice of math is a more difficult field to work in and all of the trainees wanted more work in "How do you teach math to children?".

Dr. Lewis Dahmen in Educational Foundations gave the trainees an opportunity to examine and evaluate their own value system and to try to figure out what and how they wanted Navajo children to learn. The trainees seemed to be involved in what they really believed was important for education.

A major portion of the training this semester took place in the classrooms or in micro-teaching sessions in the two school. The first eight weeks at Toadlena were fairly unproductive. The administrative staff paid only poor lip service to the program. As a result, the teachers treated the trainees as second-class

aides to be told what to do. The trainees being very sensitive to these kinds of feelings were reluctant to make any suggestions or to try anything new.

At Sanostee the administrative staff was more cooperative and provided greater opportunities, including empty classrooms for micro-teaching. The teachers were very willing for the trainees to take small groups of children for micro-teaching, some even commented that it could enrich the child's learning experience. Since both schools provided very poor teacher models we did much micro-teaching to aid the trainee in creating his own model.

A contract system for class work and for grades was started during this semester so that each trainee could:

1. Feel responsible for his or her own work.
2. So that each person would begin to develop independent ways of working within the system.
3. To model the idea of each person working at his or her own level of work.

See the attached base contract. There were modifications and changes made to meet the individual needs, but the base level of required work was maintained.

The trainees resisted this approach at first, wanting some one to make all of the arrangements for them and to tell them what to do. As their own confidence grew and as they were able to evaluate their work they moved more easily into making advance preparation for their groups

with the regular teachers, or using the library for a resource or even moving out of the classroom into some community activity.

Some of the positive signs of growth shown by most of the trainees:

1. Moving into integrated planning for their micro-teaching sessions, using not only a "social studies unit" but involving language arts, reading, even science and math in planning for more whole kind of experience.

2. Realizing the need for pre-planning so that they might better research what they wanted the children to learn and to gather necessary materials to facilitate learning.

Some of the areas that we did not meet with complete success were:

1. Assisting the trainees in knowing the value of working with small groups.

2. Helping the trainees acquire some of the classroom management skills to make small group work easier.

3. Assisting the trainees in a more realistic evaluation of children, so that they do not expect too much or too little.

4. Help the trainees be more aware of and to use other methods of learning besides "Adult telling" or "talking to" or the printed word.

5. Help the trainees gather a variety of materials and "stuff" to use in the classroom as learning material.

This semester the trainees began to see how they, as individuals, could begin to work in the classroom. Their

confidence not only as good human beings but as teachers began to grow and they began to think and plan for "their own classrooms." A number of the trainees said that this was the first time they felt that they <u>really</u> wanted to be teachers and work in a classroom with children. They are thinking of how and what <u>they</u> can teach a Navajo child to improve their educational system and how important it is for the child to begin his basic education in his native Navajo language.

I hope that in the fall semester a number of the trainees can be assigned to their own classrooms as Teaching Instructors so that we will have the opportunity of developing a Bilingual Curriculum to be used and tested in a classroom. I would like for the trainees to really try out the Integrated Curriculum that they are interested in. I would also like to see some assistance and guidance given to the Bilingual K-3 programs, especially at Sanostee and Toadlena as these programs seem to be floundering for lack of aid from the Administrative and Educational Consultants.

TITLE VII BILINGUAL EDUCATION PROJECT
Sanostee Boarding School
Shiprock, New Mexico 87420

9

April 2, 1974

MEMORANDUM

TO : Title VII Trainees and Sanostee Teachers/Aides

FROM : Lenore Wolfe, Teacher Training Coordinator

SUBJECT: JUNIOR BLOCK PROFESSIONAL TRAINING PROGRAM - Student Contract

A Grade - Minimum requirements:

Video tape one micro-teaching session and participate in the evaluation session. (This may be in any selected area.)

Social Studies: Plan and teach a four-week unit.

Science: Prepare and teach two units and teach for five weeks.

Curriculum: Prepare a Resource unit based on a Navajo book.

B Grade - Minimum requirements:

Tape cassette - with an observer - to be evaluated by a small group. (Language Arts)

Social Studies: Plan and teach a three session unit.

Science: Prepare and teach a three week unit.

Curriculum: Prepare a Resource unit based on a Navajo Language book.

C Grade - Minimum requirements:

Eight one-hour sessions in classroom. Emphasis on Language Arts and Math.

Three micro-teaching sessions with observer.

Establish one interest center in a classroom.

Two parent visits.

Social Studies: Write and teach one Social Studies Unit-teach in at least two sessions.

Science: Write and teach one Science Unit in at least two sessions.

Lenore Wolfe
Spring '74

OBSERVATION IN BEGINNERS (5's & 6's)

I am appalled at the way the children sit and wait for something to happen. They are herded into a place--circle or desks and chairs--and there they sit! Waiting for what?

Holding paper and pencils distributed by some towering adult who then sits at the desk or in a chair apart or maybe--if they are lucky---moves from one child to another talking softly to that one child--maybe if they are really lucky talking in Navajo. She may even put her arm around them and really seem to care about what one or two really think or feel or say. The other 18 or 19?

As the student teacher discusses the seed planting (a science project), the children sit for a while quietly or restlessly with some conversation in Navajo with an occasional English word "tomato", "radish", some beginning activity with pencil on the paper by some. Activities are: a broken pencil point, name writing maybe, doodling, marking pictures the teacher has given them, wiggling, the Navajo TA sitting apart, sleepily, in her own apart world, not mean, just some place else instead, occasional verbal directives, apparently meaning "be still."

The Anglo teacher ensconced behind the desk reading or writing her own thoughts and problems with no involvement with the children or even the room but with an occasional glance at the clock. Time moves so slowly- will recess never come---she too is bored to distraction. She finally leaves the room. The one person involved with a child is the trainee working in a one to one relationship. She prints an experience chart for one child. She involves five children in an observation of plants growing at the window, three more with another group of plants. The children seem briefly interested in the plants. The trainee moves on to another individual child. She kneels beside the child as she talks and listens, writing what the child tells her in Navajo. The rest of the children scribble on paper, bang pencils, small wonder--with nothing to do.

A couple draw lines and "practice" writing. Some draw pictures of tomatoes. Some have crayons and just draw pictures. A child hands a picture to Anglo teacher. She responds, "Yes, isn't that nice." Same child shows the picture to the trainee. She looks at the picture, at the child and responds in Navajo (talks about the picture). She directs the child to the next task.

The trainee goes to another group, a small group gathered around. She is warm, smiling, responsive, interested in what children are doing.

Finally, general activity in the room BUT nothing to do. Children wander, chat, look, brief contact with observer by some bolder souls. Even a word or two of English. A child brings a picture near observer: a "story" about an elephant. The child does not seek attention but when observer comments on picture and "reads" the words "elephant, blue-white and red", the child beams and nods head. When observer asks his name, he responds, "Lalo". Children gather around trainee on table, chairs, laughing, belonging! Talking to the adult who seems interested in what is happening.

This is a report of an experience teaching two required upper division courses on the Navajo Reservation. The courses were Educational Foundations 300--Human Growth and Development and Educational Foundations 310--Learning in the Classroom. They were taught during second semester of the 1973-74 academic year and took place at Toadlena and Sanostee with the sessions divided between the two places.

Adequacy of Learning Environment and Materials

One argument of on-site education (opposed from resident) is that students do not benefit from the facilities and varied experiences which a university can offer. This is a legitimate argument. Not only are fewer resources available such as research facilities and cultural events, but the personal interaction which takes place between a range of different people is not possible. If one aspect of growth for Navajo students is to be a transcending of a narrow perspective of life there must be more human contacts with a wider range of people. If on the other hand there is a concern for fostering a sense of "Navajoness" and a more positive and stronger singular cultural identity, then on-site education can better generate such growth. Both are possible and legitimate but it might take more time to work through both phases.

At the undergraduate level where education is not usually geared to a large amount of research, adequate materials can quite easily be made available. The materials available are on

a par with those accessible to resident students; and with "commuting staff" the delay in filling gaps is minimal.

A distinct advantage of this on-site program is the "realness" of practical experiences. Situations need not be simulated, and the ease with which any native can move about their own community generates potential for immediate and honest involvement.

The Students

The students are individuals and any generalization will be unfair to any one of them and possibly all. Nevertheless, a set of dynamics did exist for the group as it does for any other group. There is a difference between this group and groups of students at a similar stage of professional development that I have had on UNM campus. Some of the differences are: this gro was much less verbal, neither initiating topics or pursuing points that were expected to generate discussion; they seemed to be more comfortable in dealing with concrete ideas and tasks than with abstract ideas and generalizations; they learned in passive rather than active ways, group members seemed to exert a strong influence over others' behavior--inhibiting and controlling.

Reasons for these dynamics are speculative, but I attribute sc to the following observations: many of the students went through very rigid, structured school systems; many of them lack the "sophistication" of the typical student at the game of being students; some of them view the situation as a job and assume

a BIA posture of doing the minimum (jobs are scarce and the stipend is generous); I am culturally different--I'm white.

In out-of-class situations, the students were warm, friendly, and interested in me. I feel that I developed a good personal relationship with them and that they feel more comfortable about trusting university personnel.

Payoffs: Personal and Material

On-site education requires a commitment. A commitment to ideas and to people. That commitment must be strong enough to overcome the boredom of the tedious task of arriving at a site for on-site education. Sites are not chosen on the basis of accessibility, and any person who is accustomed to being productive must accept the realith that the majority of time devoted to the task is clearly nonproductive in the sense direct activities related to the students and their learning. I feel that I had a strong sense of social consciousness in what I was doing--it was right, and the feeling of having been involved in a meaningful endeavor made other things tolerable.

GRAPHICS

By the fall semester the differing abilities of the trainees had been determined and it was possible to begin production of materials combining and utilizing these skills to the best advantage. A number of books were prepared and printed by the end of the spring semester.

Assited by Paul Wilson, Navajo Reading Study artist, the trainees produced two books using photographs, "SHÍLA'," and "ASHDLA'GO SHIBEE ÁKOHWIINIDZINII". These were printed in duo tone.

Rodger Begaye, a capable artist, learned color separation and wrote and illustrated a three color work "ÁLÁSTSII'" Berniece Blackhorse set the type.

Paul and Etta Yazzie wrote "JÓHONAA'ÉÍ' DÓÓ NAHASDZÁÁN." Etta set the type and Paul illustrated this book about the sun and earth. Printed in full color this is an attractive and effective beginning science book.

Jerry Henderson wrote and illustrated two books, one 'DINÉ T'ÁÁ ÁKOGI ÁT'ÉII" and "ŁÍÍ' BAA HANE'" which appeals to the children's love of horses.

Using the illustrations from the Navajo Reading Study Navajo calendar printed by Henry Hillson Co. supplemented

by additional drawings Wilfred Sisco produced a comprehensive book about Navajo weaving, the tools and technique.

Ray Nahkai wrote and illustrated two books on safety at home, "HOOGHAN ÁDAA'ÁHAYÁ" and safety at school, "ÁDAA'ÁHAYÁ " that reflect a parent's concern for the safety of his children in simple but vividly graphic renditions of what happens if they disobey safety rules.

Berniece Blackhorse wrote and set type for an adventure story about a nine year old girl, "Hilda" that was illustrated in three colors by Caryl McHarney.

Nora Belone wrote and set type for "NAADÁÁ HALEEGHI BAA HANE' ". It was printed in one color using drawings by Larry King, NRS artist.

Works in progress at the the end of the semester were "My Uncle" by Wilfred Sisco, "Strange Animals" written by Berniece Blackhorse, and illustrated by Roger Begaye and the Monthly Reader by Nora Belone, Eleanora Curley and Evangeline Charles.

The trainees who finished their books, began work on a 30 minutes film about the bilingual project at Sanostee. They shot 1400 feet of film and recorded sound and music. It is partially edited but needs sound editing and final printing.

JUNIOR BLOCK PROGRAM

SANOSTEE-TOADLENA

SEMESTER II, 1973-74

General

1. Enjoyed the four days I spent with the students--and they seemed to appreciate-understand what I was attempting to do. I worked, basically, on value clarification; questioning to raise the level of thinking; planning for social studies learning-teaching (short range and long range) based upon objectives; skills; and gaming.
2. Most of the individuals in the group were persons of real promise. A few seemed to be reluctant learners. (That's about the way it is on campus, too!)
3. The basic problem of the on-site program, as I see it, is providing effective models in the school classrooms. (That's a problem in Albuquerque, too, but perhaps not quite to the same degree--we do have more teachers to choose among, and more continuing contact locally!). Within a few years, at such centers, we should have a number of our own graduates to use as models. In the meantime, probably, more demonstration teaching should be provided by members of the instructional team.

4. Another problem of real concern to me is the "general education" component of the total program. Courses offered there may have the same titles as ones given-taken on campus--but they are different out there. Much of the "atmosphere" of a university campus simply can't be provided there. As the program continues, I'd think seriously about more frequent visits by the students to the campus when lectures, plays, concerts, etc., are planned; and an earlier on-campus experience--the summer before the junior block. Some coordination with Native-American Studies Program activities during the year might also be useful-desirable.
5. I hope that when these people have completed their senior block and are employed, UNM will continue to supervise their performances, use them as resource persons, and accept some responsibility for planning continuing learning experiences for them (reading, discussing, experiencing, thinking) so that they will not settle back into the BIA Boarding School culture. Most of them have come through that experience, and most of them are pretty supportive of the schools as they are, except for more instruction in Navajo language and culture.

Ways to Improve the Program

1. Schedule special persons from UNM, as I was, at least five sessions on-site during the first half of the semester. A majority of my visits were too late to have the impact on practice that they might have had if scheduled earlier. Schedule one visit during the last half of the semester--primarily for observation of the students as they work with children, and conferences with each of them.
2. Each visit should include two hours of observation the first thing in the morning to see the students actively at work with children and teachers--both to get the UNM professors into classrooms and to give the professors a better base for planning.
3. Improve markedly the setting in which the instruction is provided. The classroom itself should be markedly changed. It should be effectively equipped for audio-visual aids (blackout curtains; overhead, slide, and motion-picture projectors; screen; should be purchased and available for use without prior planning); chalkboards should be usable and chalk should be available--the ones in the classroom were almost totally useless; chart paper, magic markers, etc., should be provided; storage units

for personal belongings should be provided each student; the room should be carpeted. A library--a fairly adequate one--should be developed and be a part of the total living-learning center. Responsibility for continuous cleaning-organizing-keeping the center should be given to the students--and constant supervision should be provided by the staff. In other words, the setting itself should be conducive to learning. That was not so this past semester--it was a minimally acceptable classroom--and it was generally pretty disreputable, disorganized, crummy.

4. Every week, two of the students should join a junior block group on campus. Keep a dormitory room available for them. They would return with ideas to share. The junior block groups on campus should, thus, have to plan for the special visitors (both for during the day and for evening experiences). The students from Sanostee-Toadlena would enrich the living-learning experiences for on-campus students, while the students from the reservation would return to the on-site center with new and different perspectives.
5. Eliminate the late afternoon sessions with the school staff, and quit giving credit for non-defensible experience. One meeting a semester with the staff

and each professor to explain what is being done might be desirable. The staff should be expected to attend a summer school somewhere for credit experiences--to get out of the cultural setting to extend their insights. Teacher aides who wish to receive credit should be scheduled into the block on a part-time basis for two or three years.

Overall

1. Such off-campus teaching should be part of the accepted load--not an overload--and a part of the regular salary, not a supplement.
2. The $20 per diem is not sufficient if you stay at first class places--and if you need to be away from home it seems to me you should "go" first class! Paying $1.40 for a BIA lunch, moreover, is TRAGIC!
3. I think there are going to be about eight excellent teachers out of this group--and Lenore and Lorraine will be, basically, responsible. Those of us who blew in--blew off--and blew out probably didn't make much difference.
4. The experiment should be continued.

SCIENCE METHODS

The general purpose of the science methods course was to achieve a degree of scientific literacy within each of the students. To achieve general scientific literacy, education in science is essential. This course was closely tied in sequence to the course most of the students completed - Natural Science For Teachers In Elementary Schools.

Scientific literacy was built upon the knowledge of science as process and content. The following is the working definition of science as process used in the class. Processes are hereby defined as being activities commonly employed in a scientific approach to problem solving or reasearch, and are further listed and explained below:

Observing - as normally defined, except that often, scientific observation, in employment, may determine, govern, or restrict the observation, and thereby differentiate a scientific observation from a casual observation.

Measuring - as normally defined, except that students may engage in types of measurement not previously used in the elementary schools; i.e., measurement of microscopic field, use of balance, etc.

Classifying - the ability to differentiate by the use of pre-determined criteria.

Data processing - which is seen as having three phases:

collecting and/or recording - transferring observations and experiences into meaningful information.

organizing - arranging of data into usable categories.

communicating - relating data to others through various means - charts, graphs, drawings, reports, etc.

Evaluation and Interpretation of Data - the ability to use data meaningfully in order to solve problems or make inferences.

Inferring - which is seen as having three aspects:

hypothesizing - the ability to state a reasoned solution or outcome to a future problem or event.

predicting - the ability to use past experience or accrued knowledge to forecast eventualities.

theorizing - the ability to state well-supported generalizations about experiences and outcomes.

Manipulating equipment - self-explanatory.

Using scientific notation and terminology - self-explanatory, except that this ability should grow from a logical need and expedience, and not from a teacher's desire to cram factual knowledge into a student.

Science as content is usually thought of in the "old way" - science as a static, fixed collection of facts or truths about our world that was produced by somewhat peculiar people called scientists. Hopefully this conceptualization of a scientist and his products was somewhat displaced by alternative ideas during the Natural Science course when the students actually worked as scientists and produced knowledge and thus gained insight into how the content of science is produced.

The materials used in instruction were from three curricular projects developed by the National Science Foundation. They are: (1) The Science Curriculum Improvement Study, (2) Science - A Process Approach, (3) The Elementary Science Study. The following are brief summaries of each project:

The Science Curriculum Improvement Study - the SCIS approach to teaching science is different from ESS in that it is structured and there are specific relationships between units. It is different from AAAS in that no single approach, such as process, is so heavily emphasized, and also the teacher is given greater freedom in sequencing the activities both within and between units. The philosophy of the SCIS approach is given in the following

statement:

> The Science Curriculum Improvement Study is developing ungraded, sequential physical and life science programs for the elementary school-programs which in essence turn the classroom into a laboratory. Each unit of these programs is carefully evaluated by SCIS staff as it progresses from early exploratory stages to the published edition. The units originate as scientists' ideas for investigations that might challenge children and that illustrate key scientific concepts. The ideas are then adapted to fit the elementary school and the resulting units are used by teachers in regular classrooms. Thus they are tested several times in elementary schools before they are published.[1]

The emphasis here is on the fundamental concepts of science which, to SCIS, have both process and content dimensions. Both process and content are essentially art of the overall whole called science. Lawson describes the desired procedure thusly:

> It (the study) is engaged in trying to find out how science can be taught to children in the elementary grades in such a way that the children will learn that while scientific ideas are based on observations of natural phenomena, they are also the product of human inventiveness and imagination and that for any idea to persist and be fundamental in science, it must be tested against further observation and experiment.[2]

An important question is, How are these concepts of science introduced to the children? The study has adopted the following teaching approach:

> The fundamental concepts of the physical and life sciences are introduced by the "exploration, invention, and discovery" method of teaching. The general strategy is to first let the children explore preselected science materials. In the physical science units these materials may be simple objects or systems, while in the life science units they may be aquaria or other small ecosystems. The children are encouraged to explore, to discuss what they observe, and to ask questions. Then, to help the children achieve a deeper understanding, the teacher suggests a new concept for the interpretation of what is occuring; this is called the invention. The children are then given additional equipment and materials so that they may see how the concept applies in other situations. Their investigations lead them to discover new uses of the concept. Sometimes the teacher will

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[1]Suzanne Stewart, ed., SCIS NEWSLETTER, No. 12, (Berkeley, University of California: Science Curriculum Improvement Study, 1968), p.2.

[2]Chester A. Lawson, SO LITTLE DONE, SO MUCH TO DO, (Berkeley: Science Curriculum Improvement Study, 1969), p.6

> invite proposals of further experiments to test children's idea's, and individual children or the entire class will carry out the suggested experiments.[3]

From this statement, which is part of the introduction to one SCIS unit, it can be seen that the desired approach is flexibility on the teacher's part in relation to the overall objectives of the unit or part of a unit under consideration. The desired flexibility is further emphasized in this next statement which also appears in the introduction to the unit:

> The atmosphere in a SCIS classroom is relaxed and yet controlled. The SCIS teacher has two functions: to be an observer who listens to the children and notices how well they are progressing in their investigations, and to be a guide who leads the children to see the relationship of their findings to the key concepts of the course. The teacher is not thought of as a pivot around which the whole class revolves, and is not expected to summarize each lesson or to tie up loose ends into a neat package.
>
> Since the teacher integrates the demonstrations, the student manuals, and the science equipment with the childrens activities, the teacher's guide might be thought of as a blueprint for the course. The guide explains the objectives and structure of each part of the program, the concepts to be introduced by the teacher, opportunities for investigations to be carried out by children with equipment provided in the kit, and the role of the student manual. Each activity in the guide is carefully described to give the teacher the feeling of being at ease. Nevertheless, teachers should feel free to incorporate their own ideas into each lesson, and adapt the activities to the capabilities, interests, and needs of their pupils.[4]

Science - A Process Approach - in contrast to the unstructured approach of Ess is the highly structured process-centered approach of AAAS to teaching science. Here the entire approach to science and the program as a whole is based on a set of processes which are considered basic to all science. Gagne, one of the prime designers of the program, presents the approach as follows:

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[3]Joan Coffman, and Robert Karplus, RELATIVITY, Teachers' Guide (Lexington, Mass.: D. C. Heath and Co., 1968), p.2

[4]Ibid. p.2

> The most striking characteristic of these materials is that they are intended to teach children the processes of science rather than what may be called science content. That is, they are directed toward developing fundamental skills required in scientific acitvities. The performances in which these skills are applied involve objects and events of the natural world; the children do, therefore, acquire information from various sciences as they proceed. The goal, however, is not an accumulation of knowledge about any particular domain, such as physics, biology, or chemistry, but competence in the use of processes that are basic to all science.
>
> The exercises of parts 1-4 concern the processes called Observation, Classification, Communication, Number Relations, Measurement, Space/Time Relations, Prediction, and Inference. A variety of content is used to support the learning of these skills. For example, observation exercises deal with colors, shapes, textures, and sounds and involve such objects and events as magnets, plants, weather changes, rolling balls, animals in motion, seeds, and growing organisms. The exercises in each process grow increasingly complex, making use of what the child has learned before. For example, an early classification exercise treats the single-stage classification of sets of common objects (red-blue, rough-smooth). Successive exercises introduce more complicated classification problems, and an exercise in part 4 deals with a multistage classification schema applicable to collections of plants, animals, and other objects.[5]

As previously stated, the approach here is highly structured and completely oriented around process which is considered more important than either "content" or what Gagne calls the "Creativity" approach. He sums up his point of view as follows:

> The process approach has in it a little of both the "content" and "creativity" approaches. Though it rejects concentration on any particular science, it extends the notion of teaching generalizable ideas and skills. While it rejects the notion of "creative ability" as a highly general trait, it adopts the idea that productive thinking can be encouraged in relation to each of the processes of science-observation, inference, communication, measurement, and so on. The argument is that if transferable intellectual processes are to be developed in the child for application to continued learning in sciences, these must be separately identified, learned, and otherwise nutured in a systematic manner. It is not enough to be creative "in general"-one must learn to carry out critical and disciplined thinking in connection with each of the processes of science. One must learn to be

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[5]Robert M. Gagne, ELEMENTARY SCIENCE, A NEW SCHEME OF INSTRUCTION, SCIENCE, 7 January 1966, no. 3706, 151:4,49.

> thoughtful and inventive in observing a variety of specific phenomena, in manuipulating many different objects in space and time, in predicting a number of kinds of events, as well as in generating hypotheses.
>
> The sixth grader who has learned science processes in this manner should be capable of studying science in the higher grades in a way which is not now possible. What is he ready for in terms of additional science instruction? This is a most important question, concerning which one can only guess at the present time. It seems probable that such a student will be able to learn about any given science, presented in accordance with its theoretical structure, in far less time than would otherwise be required. Certainly he should have a better conception of science as a way of thinking and discovering.[6]

Clearly the intent and desire is quite different from the ESS approach to science. Not only the activities, but the specific sequence in which they are to be taught is spelled out clearly in the AAAS program. The teacher is encouraged to follow the sequence suggested as indicated by the statement "It is essential for evaluation purposes that the exercises be used in the sequence provided.[7] The evaluation, which is completely based on behavioral objectives, is an extremely important part of the program and reflects the highly structured nature of the approach. The following statement summarizes this approach:

> Evaluation may be described a finding how far you have progressed toward where you want to go. In Science - A Process Approach the Objectives of the exercises tell you where you want to go. Evaluation of attainment of these objectives is done in four ways, all of which ask the question: Can each child perform in the way the exercises state he should be able to perform after having the experiences provided by the exercises?
>
> Two forms of evaluation, the Appraisal activity and the Competency Measure for each exercise, provide immediate assessment of whether the objectives of the exercise have been attained.
>
> The Appraisal in each exercise is an activity for the whole class, but its purpose is not to provide new instruction. Rather, the Appraisal enables you to determine whether a majority of your students attained the objedtives of the exercise and are ready to move on to the next exercise. This form of evaluation is for you, the teacher.
>
> The Competency Measure is given to individual children. Its purpose is to provide quantitative data about achievement in the

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[6] Ibid., p.53

[7] AAAS, SCIENCE - A PROCESS APPROACH, COMMENTARY FOR TEACHERS, Miscellaneous Publication 65-22, 1965, p.19

experimental curriculum.[8]

An extensive hierarchy chart is provided which spells out the order in which the processes are to be taught and the relationships between the various processes. The teacher is expected to teach the activities in precisely the sequence suggested, as indicated by this statement:

> Each of the eight process hierarchies which make up the instructional focus of Parts A thorugh D of Science - A Process Approach has undergone a three-year validation study. Revisions ineach hierarchy have been made following each year's investigation. Gaps have been filled in and sequences corrected as a result of what has been found out about learning experiences in the classroom. The heirarchies represent a sequence of instructional dependencies which have guided the ordering of exercises within each part of the program. Thus, this entire curriculum of science for the elementary school may be characterized by the sequence of stated behaviors (the objectives), one building upon another until the terminal performances for each process are reached.[9]

The teacher is encouraged, however, to go back to what are called behaviors on a lower level in the hierarchy chart as a possible alternative for children who cannot master the objective of the sequenced activity. The purpose is to gain the skill necessary so that the individual child or gorup can return to the appropriate place in the sequence.

The Elementary Science Study - the approach to teaching science taken by the ESS program is based on individual units which highlight topics in science with little or no attempt to place these units into any sequence for use. This philosophy is clearly stated in the following statement of the rationale of ESS:

> The Elementary Science Study units differ widely, but they share a common approach to the teaching of science in elementary schools. Rather than beginning with a discussion of basic concepts of science, ESS puts physical materials into children's hands

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[8]Ibid. p.43

[9]AAAS, SCIENCE - A PROCESS APPROACH, DESCRIPTION OF THE PROGRAM, (New York: Xerox Education Division, 1967), p.10

> from the start and helps each child investigate through these materials the nature of the would around him. Children acquire a great deal of useful information, not by rote but through their own active participation. We feel that this process brings home even to very young students the essence of science - open inquiry combined with experimentation.
>
> It is apparent that children are scientists by disposition: they ask questions and use their senses as well as their reasoning powers to explore their physical environments; they derive great satisfaction from finding out what makes things tick; they like solving problems; they are challenged by new materials or by new ways of using familiar materials. It is this natural curiosity of children and their freedom from preconceptions to difficulty that ESS tries to cultivate and direct into deeper channels. It is out intention to enrich every child's understanding, rather than to create scientific prodigies or direct all children toward scientific careers. We want children to be at home with modern technology, not to be intimidated by it. We have tried to incorporate both the spirit and the substance of science into our program in such a way that the child's own rich world of exploration becomes more disciplined, more manageable, and more satisfying.[10]

The emphasis is on children's experience with materials with little emphasis given to organization within a sequence. Each unit stands on its own, and although teachers are encouraged to find and use relationships between the units, the relationship is not spelled out for them. ESS feels that the choice of units is not very important, as indicated in the following statement:

> Our program, therefore, is not bounded by disciplines nor fenced off by conventional frontiers. Our materials are developed simply as self-contained units, each providing experience in a particular exploration; each varying in subject matter, apparatus, level of complexity, and style of presentation; each guided by basic threads of scientific investigation-inquiry, evidence, instrumentation, measurement, classification, deduction.
>
> Since ESS units develop around topics in which the basic threads of science stand out, the subject matter chosen is relatively unimportant - the path of a mealworm and the rise of a liquid both can be measured; living cells and wooden blocks both can be classified. Obviously we should not select only the bright and showy side of science; it seems to us that any subject should be acceptable provided it is not trivial and it relates to a child's natural environment.[11]

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[10]Elementary Science Study, INTRODUCTION TO THE ELEMENTARY SCIENCE STUDY (New York: McGraw Hill, 1966), p.1

[11]Elementary Science Study, INTRODUCTION TO THE ELEMENTARY SCIENCE STUDY, (Newton Mass: The Study, 1965), p.11

In summary then, ESS's approach to the teaching of science is as open-ended and unstructured as possible with the only restriction being that children must be able to have the experiences for themselves. It is not assumed that any school system will use all the units, and interrelationships are not emphasized between the science ideas or concepts found in the various units. The attempt is to present interesting and meaningful individual packages on topics in science which can either be placed together to form a total program or used as a supplement to a school's present program.

Conclusion

It is my opinion the students are well qualified in the area of science teaching and will perform well when given the opportunity. I believe this is due, in part, to the fact that the Natural Science course was sequenced into the Methods course and taught by the same instructor.

Paul W. Tweeten
Elementary Education 361
Page one

MATHEMATICS METHODS

Some basic assumptions were make concerning the math class that were mistaken. Many of the students were lacking in math background or knowledge of math to enter into a course designed to teach teachers how to teach mathematics. It was necessary therefore to take a varied approach in the class. For each area covered, it was necessary to give necessary mathematical backgorund to some students, a review to some, and start the area directly with the remaining. This resulted in terminal competenci of varying degrees which are illustrated in the grades recieved.

The text used was HOW CHILDREN USE MATHEMATICS, materials were from the Elementary Science Study (Math related), The Nuffield Program, and new text series such as those from Holt. The Cuisenaire materials were used a great deal as well.

Course Outline

I. Genetic Epistemology and Mathematics

Logic and Psychology
Basic Mathematical and Psychological Structures
Mathematical Models for Children's Thinking

II. Piaget's Theory of Intellectual Development

Stages of Development

III. First Experiences with Number

Class and Number
Conservation of Number
Stages of Development
Three Levels of Counting to Determine Number Relations
Seriation (Ordering), Transitivity, and Ordinal Number
Place Value and Base Ten
Implications for Teaching

IV. Addition and Subtraction

Grouping and the Inclusion Relation

Addition of Number
The Commutative Property of Addition
The Associative Property of Addition
Subtraction of Numbers Expressed with Two and Three Digits
Implications for Teaching Addition and Subtraction

V. Multiplication and Division

Multiplicative Classification (Matrices)
Development of the Equivalence Relation
Division into Equal Parts
Implications and Follow-up Activities
Distributive Property of Multiplication over Addition

VI. Fractions and Proportions

Fractions
Exercise
Ratio and Proportion
Speed and Time
Proportions and Probability
Geometrical Proportions

VII. Time

Sequencing of Events
Physical Time
Measurement of Time
Speed and Time

VIII. Measurement in One Dimension

First Attempts at Measurement
Conservation of Distance and Length
Measurement of Length
Implications

IX. Measurement in Two and Three Dimensions

Locating a Point in Two-Dimensional Space
Area Measurement
Measurement of Volume
Construction of Equal Angles
Implications for Teaching

Conclusion

I feel all of the students can perform minimally in the area of mathematics with some being able to carry out math instruction at a superior level. Greater help should be given in the future projections of the project to an individualized approach to bolstering their personal competencies.

TEACHING DEVELOPMENTAL READING AT SANOSTEE

I made four visits to Sanostee and worked with the participants from 9:30 to 11:30 and from 12:30 to 3:00.

The following outline contains my basic plan and the responses of particpants:

I. Thursday, February 21, Toadlena

A. Morning Session

1. I talked very briefly about reading and wrote on the board the four major jobs to do in teaching reading:
   a. Teach a basic sight vocabulary of common words needed;
   b. Teach phonic and structural analysis skills;
   c. Develop comprehension skills for reading;
   d. Provide the learner with a great deal of easy reading practice.
2. Then, I asked the group to tell me: What have you observed about reading in teachers' classes? Why are the boys and girls not reading up to grade level? They reported that they had observed nothing and they had nothing to say about below grade level achievement.

3. I then discussed three overhead transparencies:
   a. Language-Culture conflicts between teachers and children.
   b. The traditional reading program contrasted with a bilingual/bicultural program without rigid time schedules.
   c. Examples of deep structure and surface structure in simple sentences.

   Copies of these transparencies are in the appendix of this report.

4. Then, I played two cassette tapes on which two girls at Toadlena had attempted to read. The reading was clearly beyond their frustration level.

   On the board, we outlined the four reading levels:
   a Independent Reading Level
   b. Instructional Reading Level
   c. Frustration Reading Level
   d. Capacity Reading (Listening) Level

B. Afternoon Session, February 21, Toadlena

1. I explained the method of marking errors when giving an informal reading inventory. The markings were discussed with respect to the two stories we had heard on the cassette.

2. We listened to two tapes I had previously used on which two Anglo girls had read a story from a third reader ("Oscar's Airplane Ride" from Enchanting Stories, Third Grade, Level Two, Gertrude Hildreth, et. al., Philadelphia: Winston, 1952).

   The method of marking errors is found in the appendix. We classified these as one instructional; one frustration.

3. I gave each participant a copy of the Dolch Basic Sight Word List of the 220 commonest service words in reading. Discussed their importance in all children's reading.

4. We listened to one girl pronounce these 220 words from the tape recorder. We counted about thirty errors that she made. We talked about analyzing the errors to use the performance as a diagnostic test and I gave the group a chart which indicated that 190 service words is about right for reading at the second grade level for instructional purposes.

5. I talked about the cloze procedure, giving the rationale for anticipating meaning in lines of print and the manner in which cloze is constructed.

Then they worked on a cloze test, reading and filling in the blanks. At the end of the period I gave them the correct answers and left the completed copy on their bulletin board. A copy of the cloze test is included in the appendix.

II. Thursday, March 14, Toadlena

A. Morning Sessions

1. Administration to the ten participants, The McKee Inventory of Phonetic Skills, Level 3, explaining that the test assesses knowledge of and ability to discriminate initial consonants, consonant blends, consonant digraphs, hard and soft "c" and "g", final sounds, vowels, dipthongs, vowel digraphs, the schwa, prefixes, suffixes, common syllables.

2. By working together as a study group with each participant reading one frame and giving the answer, we completed pages 23 to 46 of Wilson and Hall's Programmed Word Attack for Teachers. They asked to complete the workbook together on April 18.

3. Since they had copies of the Reading Process: The Teacher and the Learner, I pointed out the

phonics and structural skills outlines in Chapter VII.

I read to them the several pages on cultural conflicts and cultural expectations in chapters 13 and 14.

I assigned chapters 7, 8, 13, and 14 as a reading assignment for April 18.

III. Thursday, April 18, Sanostee

A. Morning Session

1. We finished the Programmed Word Attack for Teachers program. This required more than an hour of time. I tried to explain on the blackboard as we went along when there were questions.
2. I administered the Dolores Durkin Phonics Test for Teachers. (_____ _____ did extremely well on the test.)

We talked about the Language-Experience Approach to reading and related it to many of the writing activities they had already done in Navajo. We talked about: vocabulary control, child language, non-standard language, working in small groups, manuscript alphabet, and repetition of useful vocabulary.

B. Afternoon Session

1. I asked each participant to complete my fifty-item multiple choice idioms test. I tried to show them that idiomatic language is very abstract for second language learners.
2. I asked them to complete the 25-item multiple meanings test. We checked the answers together.
3. I asked them to find in the textbook (The Reading Process) the sections where comprehension skills and study skills were outlined and from the text we worked several of these exercises with the participants taking turns responding.
4. Since I was returning only once more, I took several minutes to give them an assignment of activities to complete before May 9.
   a. Give the informal reading inventory to three children. (They could choose any three available to them).
   b. Give the Dolch list of service words to three children to see if they could pronounce them at sight.
   c. Give the McKee Inventory of phonic skills to three children. Be sure to notice if subsection D is the most difficult.

d. Give the multiple meanings test and the idioms test to fourth, fifth, or sixth graders to see if they can respond.

IV. Thursday, May 9, Sanostee

A. Morning Session

(Wally Davis, Lorraine Boomer, B. Blackhorse, and Vangie were all in Billings, Montana for an Indian Education Conference).

1. We began by asking each student present to present his findings from the informal reading, the Dolch sight words, the idioms tests, the multiple meanings tests, and the language experience stories.

2. This reporting took all day because they were reluctant to talk about the inability of the fifth and sixth graders to perform on the idioms and multiple meanings tests. We scored many of the papers in class.

B. Afternoon session

1. The participants found that the sixth grade students were able to pronounce the 220 Dolch service words without difficulty. When I pointed out that for first language students, this is the sight vocabulary expected of second

and went only to "baby-sit".

My choice of text material for them to buy was certainly inappropriate. I could have covered the phonics material without the program and I doubt if the program was of much value to most of the participants. They liked the idea of filling in the blanks in the program but they didn't demonstrate successful learning when they took Durkins Phonics Test for Teachers.

The activities I asked them to do seemed to work well and I think now that the "Overview of Reading" in my CORRECTIVE READING text could have been multilithed and given them anyway, that would have been sufficient textbook material.

I think they were pleased that I came to spend a few days in their program. Six of them asked me to autograph their textbook which does indicate, I think, that they attached some importance to the fact that the author of the book came to be their teacher.

They gave me little feedback as to the importance they attached to some of the things I did that I thought were very important. During the times when they didn't look enthusiastic and the times when they seemed to be paying no attention to me when I talked to them, I felt pretty unsuccessful. But when they demonstrated on the last day that they had understood the assignment pretty well and had found out some of the things "they wanted to know", I felt more successful.

Miles V. Zintz
Professor of Education
May 27, 1974

and third grade students, I tried to explain one of the underlying purposes of the bilingual/bicultural program was to see if by beginning school in the child's primary language and giving him systematic instruction in mastering English before he was required to read it, perhaps this gap could be narrowed. I postulated that with good teaching in a bilingual/bicultural program, by the end of sixth grade, students should be be able to perform at grade level in both languages.

2. At the end of the afternoon, I pointed out that all of the topics we had covered in our four days together were discussed in the textbook and showed them where in the text they could find all of these discussions.

COMMENTS:

When I went to Toadlena the first time, I expected the participants to have had a great deal of experience working in teachers' classrooms. If that were true, they gave no indication. They seemed very reluctant to accept assignments requiring them to test children. More specifically, when they went into teacher's rooms to "cover" classes so teachers could meet with me at 3:00 p.m., they had no plans

43

Appendix A

The child before he comes to school:		The school assesses these pre-reading skills and abilities:
1. Habituates the sound system of his parent's language. 2. Develops fluency in that language. 3. This language meets all his communication needs. 4. All his experiences are described and categorized in the vocabulary of that language.	Language Conflicts Require: 1. Awareness 2. Understanding 3. Empathy 4. Coping Contrastive Analysis; Language Experience Reading; Bilingual/ Bicultural Programs	1. English Language Mastery Pronunciation Sentence structure Sentence meaning 2. School Behaviors Language facility Large vocabulary Long attention span Enjoys group games Thinks and answers questions Follows directions Finishes tasks Left-to-right progression Has a desire to read

Language/Culture barriers to success in school achievement.

Appendix B

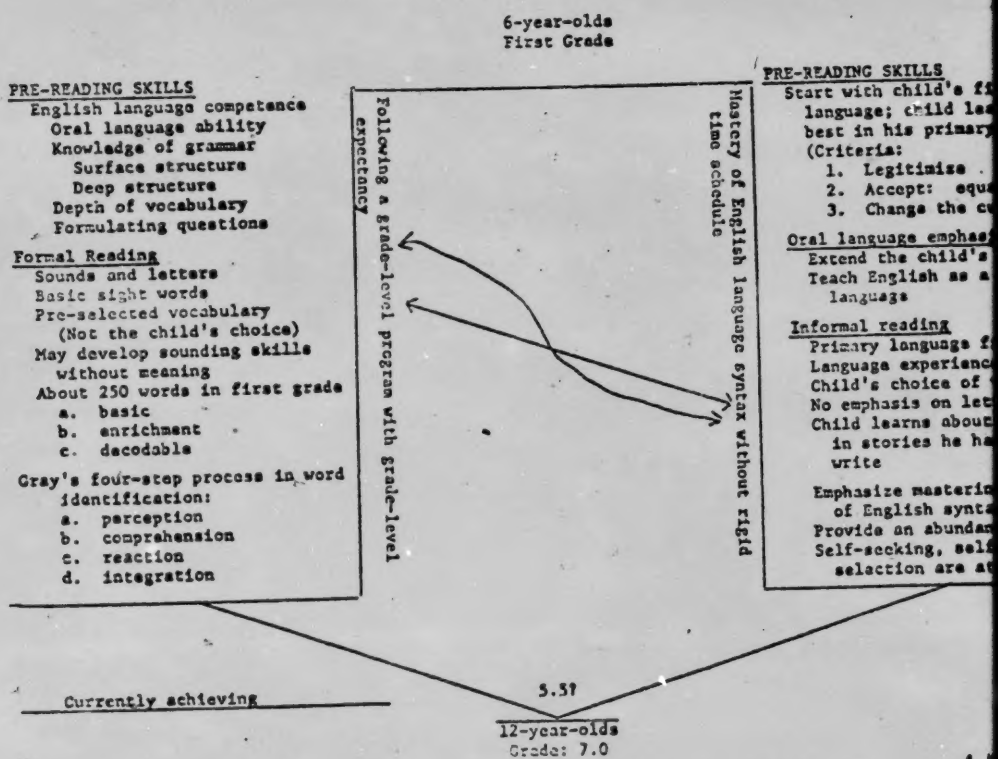

Diagram 1. The Child's Right to Read in Both/Either His Own Vernacular and/or English

4

	Language Conflicts Require: 1. Awareness 2. Understanding 3. Empathy 4. Coping Contrastive Analysis; Language Experience Reading; Bilingual/ Bicultural Programs.	The school assesses these pre-reading skills and abilities: 1. English Language Mastery Pronunciation Sentence structure Sentence meaning 2. School Behaviors Language facility Large vocabulary Long attention span Enjoys group games Thinks and answers questions Follows directions Finishes tasks Left-to-right progression Has a desire to read

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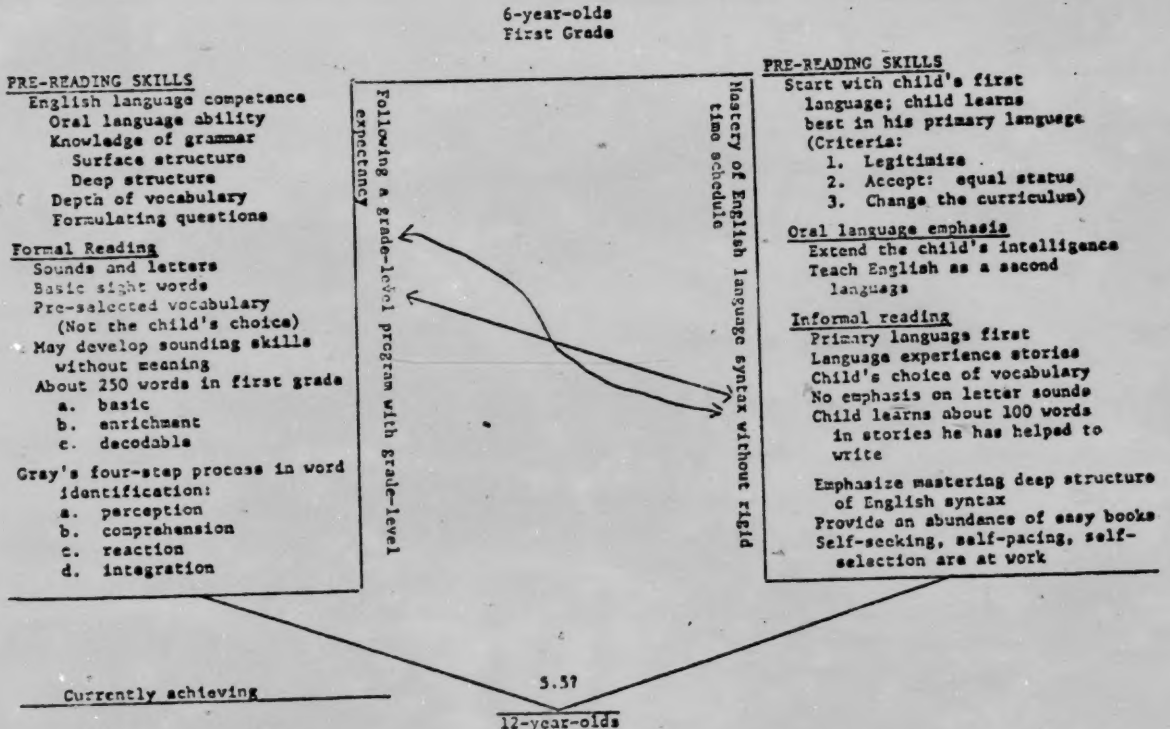

Appendix B

Diagram 1. The Child's Right to Read in Both/Either His Own Vernacular and/or English

Time	flies	like an arrow.
Fruit flies	like	a banana.
They	are buying	glasses.
They	are	drinking glasses
They	are	drinking companions.
They	are drinking	lemonade.
They	are eating	apples.
They	are	eating apples.
The boy	chased	the dog.
The dog	was chased	by the boy.
It	was	the boy that chased the dog.

The man fed the dog that belonged to his son.

A boy had a dog, and his father fed that dog.

Deep Structure and Surface Structure in simple sentences

Oscar's Airpl

When [illegible] decided to go to [illegible]

But Mr. Zabriski only shook his head. "I'm so bothered with a seal on this trip, not even a in New York. I have secret work to do."

Poor neglected Oscar. He just couldn't s always go everywhere together," he said to him mean to be selfish. The first thing tomorrow, I need a vacation!"

Then Oscar got into his bathtub and slept

The next morning, when the seal climbed f trainer had gone. In a few minutes, he saw a Oscar's favorite food. The letter said:

Dear Oscar:

I can't bear to say good-by. I am

Take good care of yourself until I come b

Your trai

Grade level: Third grade, second level

number of words: 160

flies	like an arrow.
like	a banana.
are buying	glasses.
are	drinking glasses
are	drinking companions.
are drinking	lemonade.
are eating	apples.
are	eating apples.
chased	the dog.
was chased	by the boy.
was	the boy that chased the dog.

dog that belonged to his son.

and his father fed that dog.

e and Surface Structure
sentences

ppendix C

Oscar's Airplane Ride

When ~~Mr. Zabriski~~ decided to go to ~~Los Angeles~~, Oscar wanted to go with him. But Mr. Zabriski only shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't be bothered with a seal on this trip, not even a famous seal. You must stay here in New York. I have secret work to do."

Poor neglected Oscar. He just couldn't stay in New York all alone. "We always go everywhere together," he said to himself. "I know Mr. Zabriski doesn't mean to be selfish. The first thing tomorrow, I'll talk him into taking me along. I need a vacation!"

Then Oscar got into his bathtub and slept until morning.

The next morning, when the seal climbed from his bathtub, he found that his trainer had gone. In a few minutes, he saw a letter leaning against a large fish—Oscar's favorite food. The letter said:

Dear Oscar:

I can't bear to say good-by. I am too unhappy about leaving you. Take good care of yourself until I come back.

Your trainer—Zabriski

Grade level: Third grade, second level

number of words: 160

Substitutions:	10-3=7
Hesitations :	1
Words Missed :	3
Omissions :	5
Insertions :	0
Repetitions :	4-3=1
TOTAL	17

appendix D

Copyrighted Material
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See A

Method of Marking
Errors - Informal
Reading Inventory.

[25]John V. Gilmore and Eunice C. Gilmore,
of Directions, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and
eral directions modified by the writer. With pe

Appendix E.

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See source

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[25]John V. Gilmore and Eunice C. Gilmore, *Gilmore Oral Reading Test. Manual of Directions*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1968), pp. 6-7. General directions modified by the writer. With permission.

Appendix E.

Copyrighted Materia
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see Ap

Stone, Clarence R. and Charles C. Gro
(New York: McGraw-Hill, 1962), pp. 82

Appendix F.

Copyrighted Material

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See Source

- adapted from Youth's Companion.

(420 words)

Stone, Clarence R. and Charles C. Grover, New Practice Readers, Book D, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1962), pp. 82 - 83.

Pat Smith
Spring 1974 Report

ENGLISH 102 FOR THE SANOSTEE-TOALENA BILINGUAL TEACHER TRAINING PROGRAM ON THE NAVAJO RESERVATION

I am remembering all the sounds of the classroom at Toadlena Boarding School where, for eight weeks, I taught Freshman English to a class of twelve Navajos; twelve men and women. I was the thirteenth.

not a quiet classroom. Drumming on desks, rocking and scraping of chairs, the radiator's nervous tick and clank. Out in the hall, the sound of children being led between classes and lunch or gym: shuffles, giggles, the occasional explosion of their wild secret world, whatever it is--not adult, not white, not totally Navajo either, now that they have entered the life of a BIA boarding school. Shamrocks on the March bulletin board; the Harlem Globetrotters are coming.

Teacher's shout from outside--Hey! Keep in line!

Whoever he is, however benevolent, the teacher sounds ill at ease, on edge, unsettled. Laughter and motion, language and children; they keep breaking out. For a while, anyway. Keep at it, and they learn to stay in line, not to laugh, not to respond. Not while you're around, anyway. Or maybe never. You cannot spend time

near these children and not wonder what will happen to them, not think of alcoholism rates and traffic fatality and unemployment statistics. Or, rather, what you think of is not statistics, but of the stories almost everyone here has to tell of the deaths of fathers, brothers, friends, of what you must see when you drive back to Albuquerque.

I used to be silly, but now I am sad;
I used to play, but now I study.
I used to be silly, but now I am mad;
I used to say yes, but now I say no.

The fourth graders wrote that--a class poem.

Behind the door of our room, the Title VII classroom set aside for our use, this class of adults talks out loud, always. It sounds good, a constant shimmering play of English and Navajo jokes, teasing, questions, smartass answers. Giggling, indignant snorts, the men's belly laughter. _____ got hassled again today by the principal for wearing his stetson in the cafeteria at lunch; _____ sounds like Peter MacDonald when she talks Navajo, all those nasals; hey Pat, this poem isn't really about a snake, I think the guy must be talking about Nixon...

And I laugh too, more than in any class I remember, even though mostly I don't know the jokes. It's not my language. I know a few words, the words they teach me, and sometimes they try to explain the jokes.

One day the joke is somehow about windows. Tse s'o--star-rock, _____ tells me, laughing. Window. The old people made a word for the glass the bilagaana used in their houses, trading posts. Star-rock. Solid and shining; hard, but the light passes through it, glints off it. Solid and fragile, holding light.

Windows, I think; language.

These twelve people.

It's what you want, of course, from any writing class--language fitted together so it shines, can be seen through, is tough and translucent. At least you hope to show people the possibilities of language as something to see with, windows looking in or out. But I worry always about what I'm doing up here.

Once, during the third week, __ _____ _____ asks me why we are doing all this reading and writing, this playing around. He is one of the most Navajo, one of the brightest, and the strongest; he teases hardest. During a break, he calls me over, near the window; I lean awkwardly against a radiator too narrow to sit on.

He likes the reading and the writing OK, it's fun, but why are we doing it? They are going to be teaching Navajo kids, and poetry, he says, is not a part of the Navajo way. He's not teasing now. He's straight. Mostly he does not look at me while I try to answer. Arms folded, looking directly ahead, listening hard.

I tell him truly that I do not have any encompassing rationale for specific things we are doing, that I don't know what will work, or end up being of use in an elementary classroom on the Reservation. But, I ask, is it true that poetry doesn't belong to his people's way? The ceremonies, chants...?

No. They're real. Like you would go to a doctor. It's hard to say how it is, but it's not like poems. Chants do things...

There it is. There's a lot of things I could say in that moment. Make some great lyric defense of poetry; all the different ways you could say that poetry does do things. But I can't. It suddenly hits me that he's right: poetry doesn't do things any more, not in the same way, not for a whole people. I can remember riding a Greyhound bus home from college after freshman year, almost flunking out, aching for something like freedom and dignity, going back to a place where I felt what then seemed nearly unbearable conflict. And saying over and over to myself a poem:

Dressed to die, the sensual strut begun,
With my red veins full of money
In the final direction of the elementary town
I advance for as long as forever is...

...and I remember that somehow it helped. It didn't heal. Poetry almost does that for me by times; saying it,

writing it. But stupid to deny that there is a gap now between sacred and secular, with me, with most of us.

I ask ___ to wait, to go along and hold off judgment. I say, most people have lost what you have. But we think that most poetry started <u>there</u>, where your chants still are, as healing, worship, as a way to make the world respond to desire, to put things into harmony. And poetry keeps a little of that, always, for some people. And, this is true, your own writing can tell other people what you feel, what you see or want to see. But wait; see if it works for you, a little. See what you think when we're through. And tell me.

Yes; ok, he says. And I breathe, and we go apart.

The painful thing for me is realizing that it has taken <u>this</u> class to make me not simply reluctant, but unable, physically unable, to deal out the easy answer...

A word about relativity. Time at Toadlena--quantity, quality--was different from any kind of class time I have ever experienced. I could not push that class into writing, thinking, talking. Or--let me qualify that--I felt that in <u>this</u> class, with <u>me</u> as teacher, pushing wasn't right. Easy spaces had to be allowed for silences, bilingual wisecracking, meandering over to the coffeepot. I often found my own compulsions and clock-sense fighting against this way of being in a classroom. Dammit, eight

weeks, one day a week, six hours a day does not equal sixteen weeks, three days a week, one hour a day, and I knew from the beginning that we would not be able to do what we might have done in fewer hours spread out over wider time. God knows I was tempted to do Sermons on the Mount--throw it all at them while we were assembled together for that brief moment on the heights. I would be fighting that lecturing urge, and meanwhile a long desultory discussion in Navajo might be going on, very possibly about somebody buying someone else's car. Or people might just not feel like talking.

But my overall sense of that class wasn't at all one of lassitude, or wising off, or boredom, or tense silence--and I think my barometer for all those atmospheric conditions is highly developed, whatever language is being spoken. Rather, what I sensed was ideas growing organically, intellectual and emotional processes taking their own time to happen. The growing was not always visible and certainly it couldn't be rushed, not by me. But when things did happen, they tended to happen in absolute bursts, everyone talking at once, dialogue between me and another person unexpectedly touching the real questions, if not arriving at the real answers; someone sitting down to write furiously for half an hour and breaking through to honest and beautiful language, star-rock language.

Sometimes I wouldn't discover that anything at all had happened until I read something someone wrote a week, two weeks later; or until I had a conversation with someone during lunch break, or in a pickup shuddering its way down the road back home to Sanostee.

I think, really, that those bursts happen in all good classes. But here on the Albuquerque campus, in the times between bursts, people make more effort to put on a busy or at least a strained appearance; they scribble in notebooks, or stare profoundly up at me as I stalk around the room and natter away. But the bursts are what matter, surely, however you get there. And I came to enjoy those in-between times at Toadlena; even learned, for the first time in my life, to drink coffee and like it.

> Like the old people say back in Maine,
> Listen, listen to the corn grow.

I want to tell about the first time, the first class.

I teach in the morning on the Albuquerque campus--Edgar Allan Poe, sophomore poetry writing,--and then make a run on the airport and the two o'clock plane to Farmington.

I'm not used to prop jets. We fly low overland to Gallup, plane and airport both so small that landing and taking off seem as informal as parking and unparking a

car; back up, wheel around, roar up and out, almost like hot cars in high school, foam rubber dice dangling on the windshield. Then North, over the Reservation to Farmington. Brown cracks and wrinkles, mesas and washes, skin of the land showing and bones breaking through. From the air I spot those two toothy peaks, Ford and Bennett, rising on either side of Rte. 666 just where the dirt turnoff comes, heading west for Sanostee and the mountains. And a little North of them, the big one, the classic. Shiprock, I tell myself, but I hardly believe it. I feel dumb, stupid, remote. I'm up too high to sense I'm here, about to begin, and beneath that remoteness scared that I've blown it already. I've thought too much about this teaching, gone and formed too much of an abstract image of what it will be like.

I should have driven. Or walked. I need grounding.

_____ ____ picks me up at the Farmington airport, fifteen minutes late because of a meeting in Shiprock about the Four Corners plant. The Navajo want the plant to pay them not just royalties, but taxes which are presently going to the State of New Mexico, even though the plant is located on Tribal lands. ____ --his incandescent face, his strange blend of moving determination and gentleness, shrewdness and benevolence.

The drive to Sanostee dissipates some of my numbness, the anesthetic distance. We run along beside and finally cross the San Juan River, the Reservation Border. Larger patches of snow here, and sheep, and Navajo Tribal Enterprise signs. The Four Corners pollution is bad today, great billows of industrial steam and sorry-looking streaks of cloud. From the ground, Shiprock is barely visible in the haze. Memory flashes of the New York skyline from the Jersey meadows, of the SD Warren stack in Westbrook, Maine; as a child, I learned to tell wind direction by suphur stench from the paper mills. Diffuse, liberal, selfish anger: OK, I give up on the Hudson, the Presumpscott, but they didn't have to go and do this just as I get here... Pointless. Latecomer.

Still, here is the land, even without the brilliant air, especially after we turn south out of the muddy road construction and bogged caterpillars around the town of Shiprock and head toward the heart of the Reservation, and everything opens out and ahead. Getting into silences. _____, with his perfect sense of stranger-manners, makes mild conversation until he feels he doesn't have to any longer, and he doesn't: I am remembering the rhythm from the last time I was up here, and I just want to look out the car window. But he grins when he sees me craning

around in my seatbelt to take in Table Mesa, cyclops castle, can that be rock? And we laugh together at a talking record on the car radio about how the USA rushes to the aid of oppressed peoples everywhere and gets no help in return for its own tornado victims, angel-voices in the background tracked over Tex Ritter's earnest sonority.

And finally, Lord, as we bounce west on the dirt into Sanostee they're playing Roy Acuff on Wabash Cannonball. Incredibly high, I am, for those last few washboard miles. Hardly coming home, but feeling here, andcoming to a place I've been once before when _____ brought me up to visit last fall, coming to a few people, things I remember. Brown and white land sculpted in earth-waves, matted sheep standing stupidly in the middle of the road, hogans, as we get closer to the mountains, corrals and the woodpiles, weathered silvery wood stacked in twisted cones. I am shy about asking things, but _____ volunteers that the big bluff parallel to the road, orange in the late afternoon light, is Sanostee, "rock-in-layers". The school finally visible; raw, intrusive building slabs. Concrete and dirt.

At the apartment with _____, then. She has been up here four days straight, looks tired, has been lonely--(it will take a few weeks of this place for the Sanostee

loneliness to seep into my guts, but it will.) We curl up on either end of the uncomfortable sofa, surrounded by all the misplaced angles and bad light of that apartment, and she gives me a fast account of the week. On Tuesday, a big bitch session with the trainees, fussing about credits, work load, latecomers getting to take the same advanced courses as people who have been with the program longer--really steam-pressure hissing out, with what's being talked about not really what's wrong; the real problems probably deeper and more diffuse--fear, maybe of actually succeeding and getting a bachelor's degree, job possibilities, fear of the classroom student teaching coming up this semester, hard to say. Certainly _____ isn't fragile and can handle the bitching and teasing--we agree it's far finer than apathy or silent resentment--but _____ heard about it and was anxious for her, wanted to chew them out for not being respectful, I guess. _____ said uh-uh, and she had a good day today--tomorrow, who knows?

We settle deeper into the sofa, and sleepiness and I tell her about what I might do tomorrow--I've brought up a lot more stuff than I need, so I can feel them out, feel free of a single plan that I would have to stick with even if it wasn't working. Over the semester, though, I don't have much of a set goal except to get them playing with language, Navajo or English or both, get them doing kinds

of things that someday they may want to get their own classes of children doing, these children for whom, I surmise, maybe wrongly, language must seem more threat than pleasure. For writing, mainly I plan to use the only technique I've come across that often works with people who are tight and uncertain about writing--Ken McCrorie's concept of "free writing", where, in the beginning, you just sit down every day in class and fill up a certain number of pages or minutes writing words on the paper, never mind grammar, spelling, or sense, just write without stopping, your own name over and over if nothing else comes. And eventually--in two, three weeks, maybe longer--people get bored with diddling around, and, almost by accident, something does come that is not stiff, that is fresh and breathes, Not a complete essay, maybe, but a paragraph or a few sentences or a phrase. The teacher and the class spend time talking about what's alive and why, not about what's dead or ungrammatical. And for some reason, if the writer is confronting something in words that count for him the incidence of mechanical errors and poor structure goes way down. (After a while, when people are excited about and proud of and not scared by writing, you can get more demanding about mechanical stuff.) I don't know why it works, but it

does. Or has, back in Albuquerque. Here--I'm taking no bets on anything.

I've brought up a lot of poetry on dittoes. No anthology suits me for any class, and throughout the semester I will merrily go ahead and rip off people's copyrights, figuring that if they knew why I was doing it they'd understand. (The poets would anyway, not the book companies.) To begin with, I'm stealing heavily from Kenneth Koch's work with bilingual kids in NYC inner-city schools, where he got his kids writing by getting them to do class poems, each kind contributing a line, with an agreed on subject or starting formula. I've brought up dittoes of the poems Koch's kids wrote where each line starts "I wish...", and a lot of other poetry somehow on the subject of wishes: The beautiful wind-thing by a nameless 15th century poet.

Western wind, when wilt thou blow
The small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again!

and children's chants:
I wish I were an ory ory orange
I wish I were an ory ory orange
I'd go squirty squirty squirty under everybody's shirty
I wish I were an ory ory orange...

and Roethke's "Wish for a Young Wife:
My lizard, my lively writher
May your limbs never wither
May the eyes in your face
survive the green ice
of envy's mean gaze
may you live out your life
without hate without grief
and your hair ever blaze

in the sun, in the sun
when I am undone
when I am no one

and Auden's "Nocturne", and ballads like "I wish I were an apple/ a hangin' on a tree..." Well, we'll see. _____ _____ has been up here teaching them a unit on children's lit and that went very well. Good omens. Bed.

Hard to sleep. I'm tense, and my wide bed on wheels shoots across the floor every time I turn over; as in a prison courtyard, the lights in the compound burn brightly all night. Wild dogs howling; fitful snatches of dream.

Up at 6:30 in total darkness; _____ is a good-breakfast believer. My hands shuffle toast, dittoes, books. Ritual checking and rechecking; have I got everything? Anything? We slog across the compound to where the schoolbus waits; this half of the semester, classes will be at Toadlena Boarding School, south of here and away back in the mountains, close to Two Grey Hills. I meet _____ the trainee who's to drive the bus--an older man, big, kind of closed, curious out of the side of his eye about me, the new one. Don't blame him. _____, the project secretary who will also be in the class, drives with us as we leave Sanostee, bluffs brightening in the dawn light. When we emerge on the main road, 666, a winter mirage is forming at the base of Bennett Peak, the bad

one where witches are said to hang out; light and warmth off the glaze snow lengthens images of scrub foliage into what looks like huddles of small outbuildings and tall trees. _____ talks about that, and about recent car accidents on the Sanostee Road (In a few days, he and his family will be smashed broadside by a drunk there, his wife badly injured. Our conversation, that morning is a warning, _____ remarks later; in the Navajo way, you are tapped on the shoulder--you know.)

We turn off onto dirt again to go pick up ____ and ____ _____, a young couple. Sheep on the ruts, bad bounces. We skirt Captain Tom Lake, whips of red willows and ice fishing holes. (When we pass by here this afternoon on the way home, twenty horses, bay, roan, chestnut, will be breaking the ice to drink.) A hawk cruises low, in front of the bus. At bad bounces, _____ jokes with the others in Navajo, grins back in the mirror to see how I'm taking it. I grin doggedly back. Always, those rides over and back were important--for trying to place myself, a little, in this country, for feeling each other out, getting into the rhythm of the day.

Toadlena, tucked in the mountains and the juniper, is surprisingly like a New England village, deep snow, dark evergreen, white and yellow frame houses. Time waiting outside the classroom while _____ addresses the

trainees. God knows what he tells them. A curtsy to the BIA principal and vice principal or whatever; instant dislike, but it's probably the last I'll see of them, I hope. Then, on my own.

Eleven people are here today. Talking much too fast, I rattle on about children and poetry, about children's love of rhythm, and of making things, and urge them to give me ideas. Stupid, kind of--obviously, they will share with me only if they feel like it, and not because I tell 'em to. Splutter, splutter, gasp to first base--we'll try writing a poem ourselves as a class, each line starting I wish, and putting a color in every line.

They don't throw their notebooks at me. They do it.

I'm still so tight it takes me until I start reading what we've all written back to them to realize they're liking it: liking hearing someone speak what they've written, curious about what the other people wrote, giggly and responding, especially to lines like "I wish black WAS beautiful," "I wish I was pure gold," "I wish everyone was red." What they've written is mostly pretty simple; they're cautious, not yet confident enough to really play loose: "I wish I had a green apple," "I wish I had a red car." OK, try again, I say--This time we decide that everyone's line should start with "I wish," and mention

in it someplace a color and a geographical place. We talk a little about how these game-like rules, plus doing it as a class, would give people confidence, whatever age they were. So far, no angry ideas that I'm treating them like children. In some ways, they're more playful and open than the average writing class on campus. Much comparing of papers this time, giggles, Navajo conversation. I'm beginning to gut-realize what I had figured, in theory, about on-site teaching--that because they can exclude me anytime they want or need to with their language and simply by being a group on their own turf, that because here I am the one who must always, at the deepest level, be off balance and alone and uncertain, they feel free to hang loose with whatever authority I need to exercise here.

And this poem--everyone's lines are looser now. They are playing pretty subtley with language--and even, a little, with their feelings. "I wish all the coal was gold at black mesa"; "I wish this really was the Land of Enchantment where black is white and white is black"; "I wish our Reservation was all green." Laughter, moving, nudges. I think maybe we're off. I give them the poems children wrote for Koch, and ask them to look at them, look for the kinds of things children wish for. First

academic sort of question, the first I've asked them to analyze something. They mention that a lot of the poetry reflects a dislike of school and authority. Yup. I say that a lot of poetry that comes out of kids is subversive, and write on the board the poem my seven year old son ____ has been chanting:

> I'm Chiquita Banana and I'm here to say
> How you can get rid of your teacher today;
> Just put a banana peel on the floor
> And teacher goes sliding out through the door.

This seems to make them uneasy; at this stage of the game, so do any specific anecdotes about my own experiences, like telling about the time ____ was lonely and said he had wished so hard for a friend to come that his wisher had broken. So does my question about whether Navajo kids have singing games that they play. Too early for me to let my own subversiveness out in front of them, too early to let them into me too much or to be let into them. Take it easy, I think; maybe it'll come. (It did, later.) What's so tiring is keeping your antennae out this far, conducting a lively class and keeping a sharper than usual eye on what you can or can't say at the same time. Still, I'm learning, I'm picking up on where I shouldn't go or can't go yet. And they are giving me signals, and second chances.

They pick up on other sorts of things the children wish for--food, desire to wipe out siblings and the opposite sex, wanting to see invisible or forbidden things, wanting to be granted the magical power of sight or flight. And they are really thinking about how they can use this knowledge to stimulate children into writing poetry. I must see about borrowing some children for this class to work with. We try another class poem, imagining that we have a third eye which can see all the things normal vision can't. The third eye sees--what? This is quite successful; lively responses, freer wit. The third eye idea will be a class joke for the rest of the day--in fact, the rest of the semester. Good. In-jokes mean beginnings of a tentative community between all of us, not just them with me on the outside.

Now I give them some of the poetry not written by children, and leave them alone to read it. We start with "Western Wind". I've been liking these people immensely but underestimating them badly. Their perceptions floor me. I start by asking, who do you suppose might be speaking this poem?--what's he like? The responses burst. "He's lonely." "He wants a woman" "He wants a warm bed; he must be outside, far from home." "A cowboy could say this." "Yeah!" "It makes me think of being a sheepherder;

that's just what you feel like." "Maybe a sailor, she said it was an old poem, and they had a lot of sailors." OK, I say, how come he's talking to the wind? "Maybe to blow him home, if he's on a ship." "Or maybe the wind could carry a message to the woman." "Or maybe," says bright bright _____, "he wants it to rain and be cold and wet so he would feel the same way outside he feels inside." My God.

We take on the Roethke poem next--a slight strategy on my part, this one, because I vaguely remember Ellen Spolsky saying that when Navajo Reading Study was trying to devise a Navajo Old Maid deck of cards, it was suggested that a lizard be substituted for the old maid. They do, in fact, find the poem very funny. Good. I don't ask them about the lizard business, but I agree it's an odd comparison; I say I would feel funny if my husband called me a lizard, and I quick-sketch a lizard and a coke-bottle-shaped lady on the board. OK, what could a beautiful woman and a reptile have in common? And then it comes: "the shape, maybe, they're slim"--"Lizards are so alive, they move so fast," says _____--"Bright eyes," adds ___. _____ makes his tongue go inandout, real fast, and it cracks us all up. Yeah, that too. They talk about more comparisons in the poem, start to talk

about why envy is like green ice, about how certain feelings can make you cold and numb on the inside the way snow makes you feel on the outside. And then it's lunch time. And lunch is an absolute around here.

After lunch, we don't seem able to resume that pace of the morning. I've got to learn to spread these six hours around better. I've never tried to teach for this long at a stretch, and its going to take some planning to figure out ways to make me and them last. What the falling-off is I'm not sure, but I think maybe just the tiredness; that was an intense and wonderful morning. I try to pick up on the tailend of the discussion about the Roethke poem; that's almost always a poor idea, to take something up again after a break just to make one small point. Then I write on the board Yeats' "Song of Wandering Aengus", and ask them to write a paragraph on it. I suppose I had some vague idea they'd like it because it's a myth and because the fish changes into a girl and runs away and that if they belong to a culture with a strong tradition of myth, they'll like it. Ha. Strike one, lady. If you like one myth, you won't necessarily like 'em all. They assume Aengus is crazy. Just a silly story. None of the freewheeling thinking

they were doing earlier. I'm too tired to figure out how to try to salvage it.

But then I have them do a freewrite, explain about how they can write whatever they damn well choose, and that I don't want them to worry about spelling and grammar. This they greet with incredulity, but, I see later, it brings interesting results. Most choose to transcribe rote what they're seeing and hearing in the class, some are venting steam about being asked to write. But here and there some really effective description, prose, rhythms, some statements of personal feeling about the class, their lives. Given time, I think the method may work here as well as on campus. I try to end high; we do another class poem, "If I were a frog..." and they do have fun with that, they get wit and energy back. "If I were a frog, I would croak all night in front of a beautiful girl's house..." We are all exhausted, and I let them go early. I'm so tired my eyes are watering, it's an effort to hoist myself into that bus. On the ride back to Sanostee, quiet ____ ____ leans over and asks me if I could bring them more poems by children, or for children, if I know more kinds of class poems you could try writing with kids...She speaks in such a low voice I can hardly hear her over

the damned motor, but she wants to know, she wants to know...

What happened after that? Well, a lot, I think, even though it's hard to say what. We kept up the free-writing and the class poems, did a lot of reading and writing each class. But I can't really give a schematized account of it all. Moments of particular days...taking walks together around the mountain above the school, snowball fights and trying to remember and write down when we got back everything we'd smelled, heard, seen, what was different from the week before about the reservoir's banks. Reading Tolstoy's "The Three Hermits," a fable about an archbishop who condescendingly teaches three holy wild men to say the Lord's Prayer, and is congratulating himself on his missionary abilities when he sees their three luminous forms walking hand and hand across the sea, crying "Wait! We've forgotten the words!" The class's excitement about how that story applied to Anglos teaching Navajos the right way to pray, to farm, to live. _____, worrying, "Even if the archbishop realizes that the hermits are saints, isn't he going to go right out and do the same thing all over again--do people really learn, ever, not to do that?" I remember the day _____, who hadn't shown much spark

before, handed me a freewrite, saying he didn't know if I'd like it because he'd never done anything like that before, and would I read it right now? And reading it, and being unable to keep from crying over what he'd made, a strong poem for his little daughter: "My child, while you sleep, I'll drum, I'll sing. I sing the ancient songs..." Seeing ____, _____, _____, ___, _____, ____, emerge as real writers, one by one, and the others, too, suddenly come up with something powerful or witty or perceptive; I remember ____, in response to my telling her to use her own words instead of Jesus-freak cliche language about serving the Lord, writing me a funny and angry and wonderful essay about why she had no words of her own, just the white man's words, and her ancestors' words, and how they'd all gotten their words from someone else anyway, and how although some place down inside she might have her own private words, no one but herself could ever be able to speak and hear them. The days when we borrowed Mr. Tsosie's fourth graders, and the class was a wonderful chaos, and the little kids began to cut loose. One little boy's line, "I used to say yes, but now I say no", brought us all to laughter - that was a kind of shock of recognition, that's it, that's what happens here at Toadlena...and another child's line haunts me still: "I wish I were a white sheep so

I could hide in a snowstorm, and no one would find me..." The day, the last one, when I brought up a poem one of my Indian students in Albuquerque had written, about Honest John's Seven Idols Pawnshop, in which the wooden Indians come to life and transform Honest John into a naugahyde Anglo. (See that poem, by Luci Beach, in the appendix of materials from the class.) We talked a lot about the wooden Indian thing, the unemotional grunting Tonto stereotype, and then I asked them how they'd present that poem to a class of fifth graders. Act it out, said ____. Go, said I. And they did--they cast ___ as Honest John, constructed a pawnshop out of materials in the classroom and all our pooled stripped-off jewelry, made a sign--"Featuring ___'s Below-the belt Interest"--and ended by round-dancing around Nagahyde ___, while George Washington (_____) broke into the circle at the end and hatcheted him to death. The day a Navajo-speaking Anglo teacher, ____ _____, visited from Rock Point, and we took a poem of _____'s and, working as a class, put it into Navajo; the wild excited arguments about how to approximate "Windy wolf, say something" in Navajo...; sometimes the best stuff was totally unplanned. One day ____ came in and asked if he could talk to them for a minute.

I waited out in the hall, listening to a Navajo dressing-down, and came back in to find them silent and muttering and resentful. After lunch, I wrote on the board Blake's "Poison Tree":

> I was angry with my friend,
> I told him, and my wrath did end.
> I was angry with my foe;
> I told him not, my wrath did grow...

Blake would have liked that class. They got it so fast and so thoroughly there was scarcely any need to talk about it. That was the same day we did "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening", and _____ and _____said the way that the speaker felt about the man who owned the beautiful woods but lived in the village was just like the way Navajos feel about the government,...

I could go on. And, needless to say, I remember the low and desperate points too, and the times I wanted to scream, "Goddamit, talk! Talk English!"

Well...suggestions, reflections, guilts.

It's not practical I guess, but instead of teaching the class in a bunched-up seven weeks, I'd rather have had the meetings stretched out over the semester. Six hours straight left all of us flat exhausted, too.

I think a language block (if that's the proper term) would make a lot of sense. I don't mean team-teaching necessarily; I myself really work best when I'm alone

with a class. But it would be great if, at the same time the trainees were taking something like English 102, they were also taking children's literature and maybe working with one of the education people on teaching language skills. And, in that block, it would be ideal if there were somebody like _____, someone good at both Navajo and at creative writing, to help them see the possibilities for moving what they write in English into Navajo. The sad truth seems to be and _____'s experience elsewhere bears this out--that they have trouble composing original and creative stuff in Navajo. But what was being written in 102, in many cases, would make wonderful reading for Navajo children. All this good, good writing was happening, but there was no one around to bridge the languages, except for the one day _____ came up. That made me sad, and furious at myself for not knowing Navajo. Their notion of translation is so rigid, and you can't bring them out of it by talking translation theory or giving examples from Latin or French of good translation; of how you can still do it even though of course it has to be said in a very different way.

I don't want to make any specific suggestions for what to read; the climate of that course was more important than any specific literature we covered. I could tell you what

worked well for the thirteen of us--but I would shudder to go from that into a generalization about Sure-Fire Poems and Stories to Teach Navajos. In our Trainees' case, I think that it's pretty fair to say that if it was valuable, human literature to begin with, they liked working with it, unless, as in the case of the Yeats poem, they were feeling off and tired anyway. Next time around, I myself would probably try using more Native American contemporary writing--I was shy about doing that until the end, and then sorry I hadn't tried it earlier. But what's good and human is good and human, and, dammit, they really did like Tolstoy, and D. H. Lawrence; and I don't feel too guilty about not running a Native American Lit course.

Enough of this. The important part of this report, I think, is the Native American Literature the trainees themselves produced, and their own evaluations of the course. Here it is. Tolle lege, take and read, as the voice said to St. Augustine.

SAMPLES OF STUDENT's WRITING

The United States Department of the Interior

Bureau of Indian Affairs

Wow! How un-sentimental can you get!

It seems like just talking about some kind of machinery. Even today as someone in my family gets a letter with this label stamped on it, I seem to think of it as an impersonal letter. However, as he opens it up, I wonder why he got this letter.

Are they going to ask him about his income? or Is it to inform him about a meeting? or Will they ask him about the welfare money? maybe even Social Security. Maybe, they are trying to bribe him into selling something. Land? but why? It seems barren enough, but what about this land do they want? oil? uranium? coal?

Anyway, maybe, I'm just rambling off about the stamp. Maybe that's not what the letter contains at all! Maybe it's just from the local school where his grandchildren go to school. This is probably just their report cards.

Oh! what a relief! It is just the report cards and the girls are actually doing well.

* * * * *

Navajo

What does being a full-blood Navajo Indian mean. Well, I don't really know. I don't feel any different from anyone else! I can't weave a rug, herd sheep (I don't have any), I don't even know the legends or stories, so what makes me Navajo? Even the language gets difficult for me at times. What am I--who am I? Yet, I still say I'm a Navajo Indian.

I believe in the "superstitions" (as a bilagaana would say about our beliefs), the ceremonies as in squaw dances, fire dances, Yéii bi chei, etc. They truly are healing ceremonies. I believe in the "star gazer", the "hand trembler" and the other medicine men. There are people who dress up in skins and roam the country-side at night--meaning harm. There are purposes in life for all the animals and birds--some are evil, some are looked upon as food sources and some are just there to add to nature's beauty and for our enjoyment. There are special prayers for all animals and birds and there are songs for all animals and birds. There are even special prayers for turquoise, coral, abalone shells, and jade, stones used in our jewelry.

Life is outdoors--only if one is dead does he not "enjoy" the outdoors. But I believe people of the past are breezes, wind, sound of water running, the swiftness of the deer, the design in a Navajo rug, the sounds in a quiet room,----so even after death life is outdoors.

I still say I am a Navajo!

* * * * *

When I was Afraid -- Once

I guess I'm afraid all the time, but this one time I had a very bad hair raising experience.

This happened when I was in the seventh grade, many years ago, but I remember it well, like it only happened last night.

We had all taken our baths and had washed our hair. All the girls on the middle floor were tired but happy this one evening. For some reason or other we were permitted to stay up later than usual. The girls were curling their hair and exchanging beauty tips. It was about 10:00PM and we all had gotten into bed ready to fall asleep when we heard someone playing a piano in the basement. There were two piano rooms in the basement, used by girls that took piano lessons. It was late, which made us wonder why one of the girls would be permitted to play the piano. The person playing the piano sounded as if he were using the "soft" pedal and the music he was playing was a familiar tune, one I couldn't quite give a name to but familiar nonetheless. He played this tune very quitely and slowly then fast and very intense. I began to feel very uneasy and kind of scared, because our housemother was rushing from room to room trying to find out who was playing the piano and you could sense her uneasiness. She asked two of the older girls to go to the basement with her. When they got to the

door of one of the rooms the piano stopped playing. They did not enter the room because under the door no light shone. They just came back up the stairs looking scared. The piano playing began again. This time seven of us girls plus our housemother went back to the basement armed with brooms, dustpans, mops and what have you. We got to the door and the music stopped--we stood very still, listening, but nothing. Suddenly the piano playing began again and we all rushed for the door. We opened the door, turned on the light--nothing--but the piano playing continued, but this time it sounded like it was up on the middle floor. The shivers went up and down my spine--at that moment one of the girls screamed and we all ran screaming back upstairs. After that, the piano playing stopped and we never heard it again. Still gives me the chills to think about it. Our housemother never talked about it either which added to my misery. There probably is an explanation but as far as I'm concerned it was a "ch'íidii" and nothing to fool around with.

* * * * *

(Gradually, more sensual detail started showing up in the free writing they did every week. This occurred naturally, without solemn lectures about colorful writing, without my customary unspecific ramblings about the virtues of being specific--)

Feed the sheep, horses, and lambs—that is usually what I do on weekends. Although they graze out in the pasture, there are times when we have to bring them alfalfa and grain.

The feeling of the livestock moving around you, the bleating and the neighing through the stillness of the country, gives me a wonderful feeling of peace. The smell of the corrall areas, of the livestock feed makes me feel right at home.

I see the sheep and goats rushing and pushing, shoving to get at the feed. I hear the swishing of hooves, the grunts and bleating of the sheep and goats. All the sounds make me feel that the livestock are happy and trying to thank me.

While I am feeding them, I am thinking about the living we make from them, the food we get out of them, the mohair and wool they give us, the beautiful wool which is used for Navajo rugs and clothing.

And I am thinking of the horses, especially of my horse Stitch, the transportation they give us, and how we use them to carry firewood, haul water, and for herding sheep and riding them for pleasure.

I am thankful that my grandparents and the Old Navajo people before me found and kept a source to keep us alive and keep us happy.

In this day and time of the different crises coming up in this world, I don't worry too much, for we have the food, clothing, transportation, and we can get by with our livestock.

* * * * *

There was an old man sitting in the shade, not much of a place, but the feeling of happiness and home filled the air. I don't know him, nor do I remember ever seeing him elsewhere. His face was a frown, but not the kind that would make you wonder. Just a sign that showed aging, and many years of happiness, and memories. The slight frame hardly showed any weakness, this I know, because somehow I can tell. Though his skin was wrinkled and chapping, that doesn't matter, because I somehow know.

As a matter of fact, he's happy in his own little way, deep within his heart. He's been around, more than anyone could remember, he's had his fill, he's been through it--happiness, loneliness, hardship, you name it, he'll tell you. Because--somehow I know.

It's a wonder how long he's been around, since before most of us were born. I wish I could have stayed around him, through the years, but another culture took me away, and after all these years I've been away, I finally recognize my own grandfather.

Because somehow I already know.

* * * * *

My mother-in-law is a very lovable person. She is in her late seventies, but you'd never know it.

The minute we step into her house, she starts stoking the fire in the stove, adds more fuel and puts the old coffeepot on. Then she takes flour out into a bowl and adds salt and baking powder. Not even measuring with a spoon--she just pours them out into her hand, adds some water and starts kneading the dough for fried bread or tortillas. I never know which she'll choose. Her oven biscuits are also great.

Then she starts peeling potatoes or cutting up meat. She never asks if we want something to eat, or whether we've eaten already. It wouldn't matter anyway. It takes her a very short while to prepare a meal. She never gives us cold or day old bread or leftovers.

What is hard for me to understand is that we are only family, and we visit with her three or four times a week, but it seems she overdoes herself each time. Just think what she doesn't do for relatives or friends she hardly sees or visits with. I know she would slaughter a sheep for them, and there would be a real feast. What a grand person she is! Here, many times we think we have friends or relatives, but on the second visit we're bored to death with them. We say, he has worn out his welcome--how shallow we really are!

I don't think she has ever lied to us, and she never gossips. There is always concern for her friends, neighbors, and relatives. If we bring her our problems or sicknesses, right away she summons a hand trembler or a medecine man to

help us out. Although she gets only a monthly check from Social Security, she always has money on hand to help out anyone. She always says, what's money anyway? A human life is worth more. She has never had a check book or a savings account or even a steady income, but she always has money to pay someone else to help in healing a friend or a relative.

About all I can do to help this wonderful mother-in-law is to keep her well with a whiteman's doctor, wash her clothes, send her useful presents and other odd and end things, and visit her, because she lives alone. We also show her sheep and sheep dogs a lot of respect. Purina Dog Chow also helps.

* * * * *

Round and round the hogan ran the children, laughing and shouting and crying. What noise! What glorious noise!

I relish each moment of this time as I, too, remember my childhood, the fun, the sadness and the innocence. All this has been lost somewhere along the path of my life. Now here I sit quietly, absorbing the noise like a sponge absorbing water.

Soon one of the children runs over to the bed and starts to jump on the spring mattress. He jumps here and there without caution, bursting with glee. As another child joins him, it gets even noisier. Soon another one comes. How careless can children get! They start pushing each other

I have an uncle whose name is Joseph. He's my mom's youngest brother, and he's on parole now. He was at San Quentin State Prison for ten years, and just returned home last summer in August from California.

Since he came back he hasn't actually told us why he got sentenced for that many years. He was in a one-room cell, and imagine what that could do to a person.

Right now he's living with us, and he seems to be normal at times, but I personally feel he needs some kind of psychological help because his attitude changes.

Well, what I mean by his attitude changes is that he'll be talking nice and laughing and joking, and then when you turn your back on him he'll be a completely different person. He'll look mean, and he starts worrying about all kinds of things, and most of all he worries about hishealth cuz ! he thinks he might just fall down dead without any cause, and when he's outside he thinks someone is going to shoot him, and at times when he sees knives in the kitchen he gets scared cuz! he might suddenly without knowing what he's doing accidentally stab himself or even commit suicide.

But we're all just calm now and trying to show him that we like him, and soon they're going to take him to a hospital to help him.

* * * * *

and it finally ends up with a quarrel. The third child pushes the younger ones off the bed as shouts and laughs, jumping higher and higher. But he jumps too close to the edge and falls off. OOOOh! Waaaa! and, since no one is paying much attention, he gets up and joins the group of children who are noisily playing tag. They darted here and there, evading the one child who was it. And as late afternoon approached, the younger children began to tire.

I cooked them a skillet full of golden fried potatoes. and watched them devour the food with relish. Soon the skillet was empty, and the kids once more disappeared outdoors.

As I cleaned up, I noticed two young ones stretched out on the wide bed. I continued to watch, unable to look away. How fast life goes! My own children had grown up in no time; seems like yesterday when they were just children. Now they've gone to places I've never even heard of. Now only one remains here, but she lives way off behind the mountains where her husband is. If only they could visit more often.

I hear something. I think it's my daughter coming to take her kids home. I silently go to the window and look to see the familiar green pickup approaching.

* * * * *

(Talk about something that matters to you—I told them that was important. I remember the day when ____, a fundamental Christian, decided to write about something that mattered to her, all right:)

Bless the Lord oh my soul and all that is within me and forget not his benefit. That makes me feel good all over, to know that the Lord is good to us, especially for the ones that worship him and praise his Wonderful Name. I love my Lord. I'm so glad I'm serving the one true God and his name is Jesus! I wish people would just realize for themselves that they can find the only living God, the Alfa and the Omega, the beginning and the End. . . .

My friends, while there is time, seek the Lord, if you seek him you shall find, knock and it shall be open unto you. We are truly living in the last days, times are been fulfilled, as He has said. He will come like a thief in the night, morning, noon, or night, I am looking forward to his coming again, coming for his loved ones, to take his loved ones, home to the "New Jerusalem".

Those that laugh at him and joke about Him and don't dare mention His name will laugh no more at the judgment, for those that follow Him and get beat-up, get thrown in prison and killed will all be for His Name Sakes. These will rejoice with Him in the end.

Bless the Lord, oh my Soul, and all that is within me!

92

* * * * *

Me!?? Using my own words? What words? I don't have any words of my own! All the words that I'm using are the words that have been taught to me through the twelve long years of my schooling, and all the other words are just borrowed. They're not mine at all. I haven't got a single word of my very own.

Thanks to my white Brothers, for letting me learn how to use their words--and perhaps their words came from their ancestors across the sea. Thanks for all the Greek words, and the Latin; they have been a great help to us all. I can use the words of my tribe, but I still had to learn to speak those words, those Navajo words. I have a feeling that my ancestors were in the same boat; they must have learned their words from other tribes, in order to communicate. I'm just learning now how to write those Navajo words that they themselves learned, with the help of our white Brothers' alphabets. We have no such thing as an alphabet. I guess my tribe had to borrow that, too, so they could see and hear their own words, the words of the Navajos.

So you see, I haven't got any words of my own to use. Oh, how very unfortunate I am!

I'm so thankful that I have all these words that I've used today to help me fill up these pages. If I really used my own words, you couldn't hear them or speak them. You couldn't read them, or write them. I would be the only one to use them--my very own words.

* * * * *

From where I am, I can see miles and miles of ground. To the north, south, east, and west, Plateaus, buttes, mesas and mountains. My mind wanders as I watch the heat waves melting the snow, and I can easily sense and smell the coming of spring. Just over the hill I can hear a bird sing' g its song, and it sounds as though it's happy--or is it relating a message?

And just yonder, over my left shoulder, I vision an old woman herding her surviving flock of sheep, for the winter was long and cold. The few lambs tag alongside their mothers, and it's just nice to see and know they're alive, for gentle innocent creatures give me a feeling of freedom, a happy peace of mind. The cool breeze still sweeps the place every now and then, but still my jacket is left aside, for I mustn't let the Holy Spirit think I'm still asking for winter. In the far distance I can hear the faded echoes of oil pumps, pumping away. Though that bothers me today, I can't do or say anything about it, because we just have to live with it. But knowing that I am alive and on mother earth is all I need.

* * * * *

Today I noticed something different in the classroom. It was a clock, a funny looking clock. It has two hands, of course, but they aren't both black. One hand is white and the other is black. Then there is the red second hand. I wonder if this has any meaning. One thing they have in common, they are all on the face of the clock and they are all working together, keeping at a certain pace. It makes me wonder why we aren't

like this--the Anglos, the Negroes and the American Indians.

We are all on the face of the earth but hardly ever cooperating with each other. If we were "together" we would "tick" and move together, possibly have what we always wanted--"peace". Ah! but the difference. We have feelings whereas the clock doesn't. Anyway, wouldn't it have been a better world if we didn't hassle about racial colors.

Boy! does everyone like different colors until it comes down to the racial problem, then no one likes this or that color.

* * * *

SHAPE POEM

I wish I were shaped
like an hour glass,
instead of an upside
down pear singing the
Star-Spangled Banner.

I wish I was round so I could
roll
like a ball.

I wish Nixon would fall flat on his face.

I wish my washing machine were
diamond shaped, because diamonds are forever
and my washing machine is always
breaking down.

I wish Nixon was shaped like a ball so that I
bounce him on the hardest floor there was.

I wish I was round like a clock.

I wish my head wasn't so egg-shaped so
I could think better.

I wish I wasn't so cross eyed so I'd know
what beautiful shape the girls had instead
of seeing nothing but square.

I wish I was not a
chip of the old block.
I wish I was not as
round as a roly poly.

I wish I were the Shape of a diamond so that I
would Sparkle.

I wish I was shaped like an object.
I wish I was rod shape like a pipe.

I wish I wasn't a square like
my square head, round face pal.

I wish I was a circle like a ball
so I can roll around and
don't worry about buying gas.

I wish people had square
heads so when they got triangle
dizzy they would fall round.

I wish children were squares so we
wouldn't have to buy and teach
with Geo Blocks.

I used to
be "footloose and
fancy free"
but now
I budget my time
and money and
I keep my feet
covered so people
won't see my
corns and bunions.

I used to think of marriage but now
I rather be an old maid.

I used to flirt but now I'm married.

I used to scold but now I'm cold and old.
I used to be young but now I'm not.
I used to never like Nixon but now It's got worst.

I used to be young but now
I am old.

I used to be a Janitor but now I'm a teacher.

I used to save money, but now
I spend it.
I used to drink but now I'm as
sober as a judge.

I used to be young but now old.
I used to confuse but now uncertain.

I used to be single but now I'm married.

I used to be young, but now
I'm getting old.

I used to glow but
now am fading with age.

I used to live but now I'm dead.
I used to alarm but now I charm.
I used to drink but now I'm drunk.

I used to want to grow up, but now
I want to slim down.

I used to want to have babies
but now I want to have
baby sitters.

I used to go but now I'm gone.

* * * * * *

Indian Poem

American Indians, Religion, Great Spirit,
holy places, sacred ceremonials, chants,
red brown bold
savage hunter
shy quiet Navajos
Cherokees,
Hopi Sioux Nation
Wounded Knee
Little Big Horn
Custer Geronimo Manuelito
Chief MacDonald Raymond Nakai
Window Rock, Arizona welfare Public Health
Window Rock Fair
Ship Rock Fair
Scottedale Pow Wow
Russell Means Alcatraz
Navajo Mining Black Mesa Uranium
Alaskan Eskimo
Black Bull Sitting Bull American History
Mohawks tomahawks
Hiawatha Sacajaweya
Land dispute peace treaties
Arrows potteries
hogans sheep
sheepherders jewelries
turquois Black Hills
gold the Long Walk Food Stamps
Chapter houses
Navajo education
bilingual education
Fried bread canoes spears fishing
warpath peace
Monument Valley
Squaw Dances Shoe games
Indian country Navajo Times
Washington D.C weavers

tough
strong
growing
farmers
yei bei chies!

* * * * *

Beautiful Mountain

Here I stand

Here I come to my Beautiful Mountain

Innumerable winter shows

In the summer

it gives the beauty of blue and green colors

Behind

it gives the beauty of blue sky

Unafraid

Together in happiness

The land of enchantment

Of the Beautiful Mountain

Here I stand

* * * * *

Down in the ditch that we called home
Where the smog has settled down
Picking white trash, digging black coal

All day long in dark moist earth
Picking and pulling that hard black gold
Digging black gold, picking black gold

I fill my truck and I haul it away
And take it to the power plant
Mother earth's coal won't let me make a nickle
Even after I get it to the plant

I bend my back till I thought it broke
Tryin' to keep on thinkin' how much I can make
Digging black gold, hauling black gold.

* * * *99

Frog Poem

If I were a frog, I'd wish I was human.

If I were a frog, I would change back into a princess and live happily ever after.

If I were a frog, I would be at Navajo Dam.

If I were a frog, I could live in a world of my own at Captain Tom Lake.

If I were a frog, I would find out what is under the mud in the pond.

If I were a frog, I could easily drown.

If I were a frog, I would sing till the pond dries up.

If I were a frog, I could learn to jump clear across the plains in less than a minute and be able to swim across the ocean.

If I were a frog, I could croak all night in front of a beautiful girls house.

If I were a frog, I would stay out of peoples sight.

If I were a frog, I would get in grouble, hop away from anybody, and no one will ever catch me.

If I were a frog, I could just live under the water peacefully and look at the people with my third eye.

Description of a Cow Skull

It is as white as the White House.
The crack resembles the present situation in our government.
The eyes are too big, but can see nothing.
The ears are also gone.
The brain cavity is empty.
The nose, the brain, and the eyes are forever gone;
therefore, it can't function the way it used to.
It must have gone horny four or five years ago.
Yet all the pieces are hanging on for dear existence.
Unless it is treasured, it may not last.

Third Eye

The third eye sees you while you sleep and sees
what you've been up to.
My third eye sees the gold of this universe.
My 3rd eye sees all my good dreams come true,
and it foretells my future.
The third eye sees electron flow in a house wiring.
The third eye sees all that's invisible to the other
two eyes.
The third eye sees the impossibles.
The third eye sees nothing but red.
The third eye sees nothing but a nose.
The third eye sees beyond the universe.
The third eye sees into the future.
The third eye sees what we're going to eat for
lunch.....

* * * * * *

Colors-Places-Wishes

I wish I had a green apple from the planet Mars.
I wish I was a monkey with a red face and a pink tail
and lived in a jungle instead of a cage.
I wish I was the yellow noom in outer space.
I wish the green blackboard at Toadlena was orange.
I wish all the people were purple at Gallup.
I wish the coal was gold at Black Mesa.
I wish everybody was brown in the USA.
I wish the ground color was gold on the Navajo Reservation.
I wish I was by blue Lake Michigan.
I wish this really were the land of Enchantment
where white is black and black is white.
I wish they had orange money and I could spend it in
Albuquerque.
I wish our reservation was all green.

* * * * * *

POEM (English version)

Windy Wolf, say something. One day you run back and forth in the arena, another day you are still. How can I tell what you are thinking, feeling? Please speak to me. Cowboys sometime hit you with rope. That must be painful. I ride you on sunny days, when the rodeo starts. Are you angry at cowboys? Do you feel pain or delight?

Windy Wolf, please speak to me.

POEM (Navajo version)
Níłch'i Mą' ii tsoh

Níłch'i mą'ii tsoh hanidziih.
Łaʼaj¡ aná'ázt'i' biyi' t'óó ałná nánílwo' łeh.
Náánáłahda éí t'óó sínízį¡ łeh.
Haash éí yit'éego shił béé hózin dóo baa
nitsínkeesígíí dóó íinínízínigíí.
T'áá shǫǫdí shich'i' hanid ziih.
Akałii łahda tł'óół yee nídaninit tsxis łeh
Bik'e'esh ch'íį¡shį¡ łeh.
Honeizílígo oo'áałgo naa'ahóóhai baa
nída' diildahgo shił nanildloosh łeh.
Akałii ísh doo níłdin da łeh.
Bik'ee díní¬iih daats'í nił yá'át'ééh daats'í?
Níłch'i Mą'ii tsoh, t'áá shǫǫdí shich'į' hanidzíih.

* * * * *

This morning, when I left, my little daughter was still asleep. Sometimes she gets up early, and sometimes she gets up late. She is really growing fast, and she is a year and five months today. She is a Navajo, cute, black hair, brown eyes, yappy smile, pretty, unafraid, loved, protected, smart and free.

My little daughter, while you sleep, I'll drum, I'll sing. I sing the Ancient songs. Dream good dreams and grow straight. The shite, soft doeskin warm you. I'll drum, I'll sing. I sing the Ancient songs.

My child, be wise and brave, and may you forever walk, I'll drum, I'll sing. I sing the Ancient songs. Only the great spirit of the Universe wi'l understand the meaning of my Ancient song.

The Ancient song has this meaning, and this is my grandfather's song.

* * * * *

(Towards the end, they were all writing. Not everyone, every week, and not all on the same level. What came wasn't great literature, but it was, as a body of work from one class, among the best freshman writing I'd seen, simple and straight and moving. They had things they wanted to tell.)

Honest John's Seven Idol's Pawn Shop
--Luci Beach

Yah-Tah-Hey Honest John
Where is Cherry-Tree man hiding
While you sleep
dreaming of wooden Indians unchaining
dreaming of wooden Indians transforming
embarassed smiles to hate-cold grins
dreaming of Wooden Indians armed
with your Remingtons smashing
your show cases and your
only ticking Timex
dreaming of Wooden Indians craching
your round mirror reflecting
neon COINS and leering
at your lovely Ivory
Lady's portrait

dreaming of Wooden Indians chaining
your white ankles and
putting you in a case
becoming a real bargain
at $14.92
Dee how quickly they put
a sold sign on your chest
and ship you back home to
Europe
dreaming of Wooden Indians 49'ing
in their new 7 Newgahide Idol's
pawn ship with GENUINE
CITY PAWN authentic zenith
televisions and guaranteed Dow
Manufactured trash bags

Yah-Tah-Hey Honest John
Where is George Washington hiding
While you sleep dreaming of
Wooden Indians Unchaining

(This is the poem the trainees dramatized. Next 3 papers are in response to that experience)

MAY 11, 1974
FRIDAY

George Washinton is not thinking this afternoon and Honest John doesn't care to listen to anyone.....

Moonshine isn't the answer to inflation all it does is inflate the mind for all man kind. The silent man is finally speaking from the bottom of his heart, yet very little results come to us.....We don't care who we speak to, we don't care when we speak, we don't care where and how we speak.....but somebody is sure to listen..... What subject is on our brainwash minds,who are we feeding these brainwash to.....why? Are we to believe that all men are created equally, then we still see our superior.... MEN WHO KNOWS ALL FOR US.....Is he or is he not superior to us? Who is consider superior.....why do we stress it? Mr., Mrs.,Miss, Sir! please.....Not here have we discovered any freedom from fear and security.....If only all the Natural resources would disappear will we understand who is Superior to who.....We love our country, the idiots came and divided what was not rightfully his... If we don't shape up he will strike again.....this time to destroy our hopes and dreams for servival.....where is we gone wrong.....education....traditional thinking,.. where?

At the end the BED always get caught and the cover get expose.....THANX

* * * * * * * * * *

Honest John's Seven Idol's Pawn Shop

I think to do an act on this poem we really need to be serious about whats happening. Lots of us were just goofing around. Maybe it would be really good if it was given time to get all the appropriate things to play these acts out. Then come to think of it most of all trading post are this area are related to Honest John's Pawn shop. Even

though some trading posts don't have wooden Indians chained, they are probably just as bad as him. They want money, to be greedy. For instance, for rugs. When they buy the rug from an individual they paid only a third of what the rug is really worth. Then sell it to somebody else for more. This is probably the same for jewelries too. I hope they, meaning the traders, end up with the dream that Honest John dreamed. Maybe it will make them realize what they were greedy about and hopefully to correct themselves.

* * * * * * * * * * *

As I sat here at my desk after our play of "Honest John's Seven Idol's Pawn Shop.
I listened to the wind blowing not hard but gently and the sound of it makes me think of the ocean waves.
All of a sudden I started imagining that I was all alone in this very classroom and I thout it was 60 years later from today.
I was an old maid, the classroom was just abandon or deserted, everybody gone But where. I was all alone, it seem that I was the only person here at Sanostee.
I sat here wondering where every body had gone--our classroom bare, windows all broken, holes in roof, paint so dull and the floor tiles all gone. I sat here imagining the play we did of "Honest John" ---I couldn't believe myself quiet, slightly shy and being in the acts of a play.
This is the first time I ever tried acting out a play--wished I did it in high school.
It was wonderful to dream back to the days I've been in this classroom and the wonderful experience I had in acting out a play. It seems like I was the only person doing it and I had made a big deal out of it. It was fantastic and it seem like it was put on film strip and pictures came out perfect. To me as I imagine, it was a realistice thing for me.

I used to be a funny man, but now I am not funny.
I used to laugh, but now I am laughing.
I used to look, but now I am not looking.
I used to be a bad boy, but now I am a goat boy.

I wish I were a cow, so I could rink like a donkey.
I wish I were a man, so I can walk like a donkey.
I wish I were a horse, so I can drink like a donkey.
I wish I were a girl, so I can run like a donkey.
I wish I were old, so I can fight like a donkey.
I wish I were a pig, so I can eat like a donkey.
I wish I were a lady, so I can kick like a donkey.

I used to be deedishjah, but now I am yishaal.
I used to be dinish'ii', but now I am not dinish'ii'.
I used to be be na'asho'ii, but now I am golizhii.
I used to be k ee't ish'dleeh, but now I am astsxeel.
I used to be na'ash koo', but now I am ash hosh.
I used to be na'ash o'ii, but now I am golizhii.
I used to be k'ee'tish dleeh, but now I am astsxeel.
I used to be tsin baah yish'nah, but now I am hadadziil haal.
I used to be yishtal, but now I am naa'dziil haal.
I used to be nish'ah, but now I am anists'ozi.
I used to be shi woo'hanii sa, but now I am shi woo' al tsxo haniidoo

* * * * * * * * * * *

If I were a red apple, I would take the lion.

I used to be a monster, but now I am a girl.
I used to be a tree, but now I am a monkey
I used to be a ship but now I am a water.
I used to be a cat but now I am a dog.
I used to be an apple but now I am green.

A fubble is a balloon when it blows away.
If I were a fubble, I would blow away.
If I were a fubble, I would jump.
If I were a fubble, I would play.
If I were a stipper, I would stick.
If I were a stipper, I would play
If I were a stipper, I would dance.
If I were a glug, I would dance around.
If I were a glug, I would run slow.
If I were a glug, I would jump around.
If I were a glug, I would play around.

I wish I were a black monster.
I wish I were a bluebird.
I wish I were a brown monkey.
I wish I were a blue book.

I used to say yes, but now I say no.
I used to be funny, but now I am mad.
I used to be a dibe but now I am an aleed.
I used to be silly, but now I am sad.
I used to say now, but now I say yes.

I used to play, but now I study.
I used to be mad, but now I am happy.
I used to be a gelizhii, but now I am an askii.
I used to be a gah, but now I am an askii.

I used to be a dog, but now I am a girl.
I used to say now, but now i say yes.
I used to be a bee'eldooh but now I am ateed.
I used to be a lii but now I am ateed.

I used to be a baby but now I am a boy.
I used to be silly but now I don't.
I used to be a beegashii but now I am an askii.
I used to be silly but now I am mad.
I used to be a leechaa'i but now I am a shash.

I used to be a cat but now I'm a boy.
I used to be a bog but now I'm a boy.
I used to be Lii', but now I am ashkii.
I used to be magi but now I am ashkii.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I like to be a lii' because I like to eat grass. The hastoi mad at sanii.
Long ago the bilagaana came. They had lii to ride with. Naakai came too. They had big round hats. Hastoi and saanii got away from bilagaana and Naakai. They had doole too, and lady cows.
I would like to be a lii' because I like to eat grass. Long ago the sanii always whipped me. The hastoi were no good. The men always say doola. They always sit under the ch'oosh. Because they want some shade.

Once there was a hastoi and sanii and they were riding a wagon and the lii' were running fast.
Long ago gelishii ran away. The saanii got mad. Then the hastoi came. He said to the tlizi, he said, I will call lii'. Then lii' fight with hastoi.
Long ago I saw the lii'and the wagon. The man riding a lii' and a golichii walk by the lii'. The lii' ran away.

* * * * * * * * * *

What is an Anthropologist?

An anthropologist is a science;
An anthropologist? I think it is a dog.
An anthropologist is a duck;
An anthropologist is an elephant!
An anthropologist is a little insect;
an anthropologist means a little man.

* * * * * * * * * *

I wish I were a purple monster so I can eat up all the green children.
I wish I were black dog.
I wish I were red cow.
I wish I were black monkey so I could eat blue banana.
I wish I were white sheep so I can't be found while it's snowing.

My third eye sees SRA.
My third eye sees monster on the mountain.
My third eye sees dinosaur on the top of your head.
My third eye biggest, biggest building on the star.

I used to sad but now happy.
I used to be tree but now a monkey.
I used to scratch but now I tickle.
I used to a baby but now I'm tall.

fubble
A fubble is a balloon and floated away.
A fubble is a bubble gum that we chew.

If I were a frog I would jump up and down and run on the water.
If I were a frog I would eat and swim and swallow on the tree.
If I were a frog I would fly and play and sleep on the rock.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I used to work, but now I am reading.
I used to be silly, but now I am sad.

The third eye sees only a big giant.
The third eye sees only a dinosaur.
The third eye sees only a big snake.
The third eye sees only a brown horse.
The third eye sees only everything black.
The third eye sees only a gorilla.
The third eye sees only big, black.
The third eye sees only a red sun.

(color-fruit)
If I were a dog, I would eat meat.
If I were an orange, people will eat me.
If I were a purple banana, the monkeys would turn purple.
If I were a red apple, the people will eat me.
If I were an apple, I would stay in the tree.

I would like to be a mouse so I could eat cheese.
I would like to be a frog so I could sleep in the water.
I would like to be a globe so I can be everywhere at one time.

I used to sting like an ant.
I used to run like a mouse.
I used to be a dog and hunt like a bear but now I am a big cow.
I used to jump like a rabbit; now I am a desk.

I am anoa' who likes to nagha eat a dog.
I am deesii' who likes to aga want to go hunt.
I am azid who likes to chew a naagelha'.

If I were a stipper, I would climb fubble and gizzard.
If I were fubble, I would fly to gizzard and run to stipper.
If I were gizzard, I would cook over the fubble and stipper.
If I were fubble, I could jump on the gizzard and run over stipper
If I were a stipper I could fubble crawl on the gizzard floor.
If I were a gizzard, I could fly stipper in the fubble sky.
If I were a fubble candy I could let stipper lick gizzard.
If I were a gizzard I could stipper the candy.
If I were a stipper, I would fly fubble and play gizzard.
If I were a gizzard, I would run and fubble in the sky and stipper in the woods.
If I were a fubble, I would eat and gizzard up in the mud and stipper over the fubble and fall into the hot water.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I wish I was a go lizhii. I would swim in the water.
I wish I was a seigo. I would like to play.
I wish I was a kin. I would like to run.

I used to aghaal but now I am a magi.
I used to kin but now I am a seigo.

ch'ah ch'il ayoogo.
cheeh bilid liken.
dee ajileeh leezh
ya ei noodooz
aweeg'.

If I wac an astronomy, I would work in the dorms.

* * * * * * * * * *

I wish I were a be'e ldooh; I would play all day.
I wish I were a golizhiiso; I would do something.
I used to kin, but now I am magi.
I used to chat but now I am seigo.

a jileeh chil noodooz
ayoogo. leezh awee ei likan
bilid dee cheeh ya chah.

If I was an anthropologist, I would work in the store.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I wish I was kin because I like to walk.
I wish I was chal because I like to ride horses.
I wish I was bee'eldooh because I like to herd sheeps.

I used to be a la'iish but now I am a seigo.
I used to be a gaagi but now I am a t'iis.

Bilid dee ei ch'il ya ayoogo leezh chah.
Awee a jileeh noodooz ch'eeh likan.

If I was an astronomy. I would work in the store.

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I wish I was ch'at because I like to ride horses.
I wish I was t'iis because I would walk.
I wish I was lajish so I could hang from a tree.
I wish I was aghaal so I could eat glass.

I used to be a aghaal but now I am a seigo.
I used to be a bee eldooh but now I am a chat.

Bilid cheeh ei ya noodooz.
Awee ayoogo tikan ajileeh.
Ch'ah dee ch'il teezh.

If I was an Presbyterian, I would work in store.

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I wish I were a aghaal. I would walk.
I wish I were a ch'at. I would talk.
I wish I were a seigo. I would sing.
I wish I were a bee'eldooh. I would go home.

I used to be a t'iis, but now I am kin.
I used to be a bee eldooh but now I am lajish.

Ya dee bilid likan.
Awee teezh ei noodooz
Ch'ah chil ayoogo
Ch'eeh a ileeh

If I was an physician. I would work in the town.

I used to see,
But now my eyes is shut.

I used to go home But now I am at school.

I used to go Farmington, But now I don't want to go.

I used to jump like a turtle, But
now I am butterfly.

I am a azid
Who like to aya. But now
I'm crazy.

I am a a aa. Who like to
nagna. But now I am young.

I am a bi d Who like to
deesii But now I am a door.

I am a anaa' Who like to aya
But now I am rock.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I wish I was ch'ah.
I wish I was a gah.
I wish I was a tse.

If I were a cat I would play all day.
If I were a medicineman, I would dance all night.
If I were a cow I would eat all day.
If I were a big wheel I would caught all the fish.

If I were a wizard, I would hate the people.
Wizard is an ant.
It can still food form people.

Awee' noodooz
Shima is nice to me.
Hotdog is likan.
Awee' is small.

I wish I was a car so people can ride me.
I wish I was a gah I would run.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I wish I was a chidi.
I wish I was a stone.
I wish I was a gah.
I used to be bad boy. But now I am a good boy.

If I were dibe yazzhi I would drink milk.
If I were a magyi I would eat fish.
not bananas. I were a pig I would eat
lizard. I wish I was a hotdog with chili so
people can eat me. I used to drink milk.
but Now I drink coffee.

If I were a wizard I would eat
lizard. If I were a wizard I would
eat dog and lion. Wizard is a giant.
It can eat cars and home, too.

My shirt is noodooz. The candy
is likan. Shima has an awee'at
home. If I were a fox, the
people can kill me.

I used to eat candy but now I have a
stomach ache.
I used to play, but now I am tired of being a kid.
I used to like school, but now I have spring fever.
I used to not eat all my food, but now I eat like a horse.

I am a anaa' who likes to deesu
but now I am a stupid.
I am a abid. Who likes to aya
but now I am a forg.
I am a azid who likes to naagha
but now I am a brid.
I am a anaa' Who likes to
deesu I am a dummy.

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Following are STUDENT EVALUATIONS for English 102

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

COURSE English 102 SECTION _____

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

Superb and very concern, just the type we needed to increase our writing skills.

2. Evaluate the course: (A) B C D F

Comments:

We need for the Future Teacher Training participants more of this "FREEDOM" writing they could use this type of approach to teaching language understanding. Very good for us and a good experience.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 111

COURSE English 102 SECTION _____

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

I'll say she really did a good job.

2. Evaluate the course: (A) B C D F

Comments:

With this course we really learned a great deal. We even went to really expressing ourselves in writing. True feelings.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 112

COURSE English 102 SECTION

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: A (B) C D F

Comments:

2. Evaluate the course: A (B) C D F

Comments:

I enjoyed writing very much and I feel that it was good for me.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

COURSE English 102 SECTION _____

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: A (B) C D F

   Comments:

2. Evaluate the course: A (B) C D F

   Comments:

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 114

COURSE English 102 SECTION

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

A very meaningful course--well prepared by teacher.

2. Evaluate the course: (A) B C D F

Comments:

I have a better understanding of poems and compositions--improved my English writing.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 115

COURSE English 102 SECTION _____

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

She was very enthusiastic and she really got around and made us do what she wanted us to. Her class was very opened and you say what you feel. It was very interesting class for me and I think I got alot out of her class.

2. Evaluate the course: A (B) C D F

Comments:

I enjoyed her class very much. The things I did for her got me to be more responsive and I learned the things she did with the class--to where I could use and do the same thing she did with us when I become a teacher someday.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 116

COURSE English 102 SECTION _____

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

Everyone seemed to have enjoyed her classes and in fact, wrote excellent papers. Interesting teacher.

2. Evaluate the course: (A) B C D F

Comments:

Enjoyed the classroom discussions and I liked to write so that the time gave me the opportunity to write about anything I want without being pressured.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 117

COURSE English 102 SECTION

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

I'll say Pat is a really good teacher and I really enjoyed her class

2. Evaluate the course: A (B) C D F

Comments:

In this class I got an idea about writing poems and how children would write their own poems too. I thought this was very good idea--where children write their own poems--where children would do some thinking.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH 118

COURSE English 102 SECTION

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: (A) B C D F

Comments:

The teacher is open, concern and understanding. Just a great teacher.

2. Evaluate the course: (A) B C D F

Comments:

Course was well presented. It has really improved my writing skills plus many other things.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

COURSE English 102 SECTION

TEACHER Pat Smith

EVALUATION FORM-SPRING 1974

DIRECTIONS: The basic measure for evaluation used on this form is the standard academic grade scheme. Please circle a letter after 1 and 2 and write whatever comments on the teacher and the course you wish to offer in addition.

1. Evaluate the teacher: A (B) C D F

Comments:

I really enjoyed her class and I think I got a lot out of it. She gets interest across to students and her teaching is very clear and understanding. And her class is one of which I really enjoyed thru-out the semester.

2. Evaluate the course: A (B) C D F

Comments:

It has really refreshened my writing since high school. and on to that I've gotten some more out of it. It has also interest me in very much writing.